

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 20, 1967

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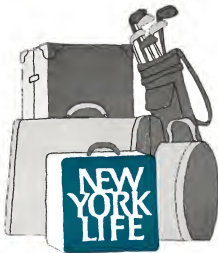
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Next week

PRINCETON BUILDS an Ivy League dynasty in basketball, to match Harvard's in crew, and it has a coach whose recruiting program is as efficient as his techniques on the court

SPEED PAYS OFF in Daytona Beach as the top stock car drivers race 500 miles for \$200,000. Color photographs of the scene and an appreciation of Champion Richard Petty.

SPORT AT SEA Jack Olsen finds, means a full program of companions on a luxury liner like the Queen Elizabeth. He won a few, lost a few and met an international card hustler.



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And he knows that he can never again go
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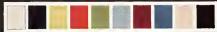
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wearing
the
shirt
he
designed
for
working



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SCORECARD

MONA LISA'S MUSTACHE

Last week, shortly after he retained his title, Cassius Clay stepped into an elevator of a Houston hotel and was greeted by a gray-haired, distinguished-looking couple.

"What did you think of the referee?" the man asked.

"He was all right," Clay said, "but he held that Terrell up for 15 rounds."

"Mr. Clay, I'd like you to meet my husband, Harry," said Alma Kessler. "He was the referee tonight, and I want you to know he is a metallurgical engineer with 32 patents to his name. He's worth \$9 million and he doesn't have to referee for you bums."

Indeed, Kessler should have had the good sense not to try or, barring that, he should have tried harder. Much of the time Kessler resembled a man attempting to cut in on a dance, but the couple disregarded his little taps on the shoulder, and Kessler seemed disinclined to get into an argument with two bums.

Some aspects of the Clay-Terrell fight have been dealt with immoderately in the daily press; others have been almost wholly ignored. Clay's bad-mouthing in the eighth round was distasteful, but no more repugnant than Terrell's dirty fighting and his grotesque claim that Clay thumbed him and rubbed his left eye against a ring rope; certainly Clay's misconduct didn't warrant the irrational denunciations in the press, which can only serve to further inflame the yahoos.

And Kessler and the Texas boxing commission are as blameworthy as the fighters, whose animosity toward each other was well publicized and both of whom have records—Clay for hysteria, Terrell for holding and roughing. Obviously the match called for a strong, active, alert ref. Instead, the commission chose Kessler, who is 65, of modest stature and whose reputation has at times exceeded his works: it was Kessler, you may recall, who bemusedly held Archie Moore back after he had knocked Marciano down in the second round, although

the mandatory eight-count had been waived; and Kessler's scoring of the first Moore-Maxim and Patterson-Jackson fights can only be termed weird.

According to Article 24, Section 11 of the boxing rules of Texas, "abusive or profane language" is a foul, just like butting or hitting below the belt. When Clay began his obnoxious tirade Kessler should have threatened to take away points and, if Clay persisted, done so or disqualified him; and he should have treated Terrell's repeated fouls with equal severity. There is no need for anarchy in the ring; commissions and referees should recognize their responsibilities and earn their pay, even if, like Kessler, they can afford to donate it to charity. The same holds for the fighters, particularly Clay, who defaced a respectable performance; it was as though it were Leonardo himself who painted the mustache on the *Mona Lisa*.

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Last week's Wichita State-Drake game was terminated with 11 seconds left, after Drake fans, incensed by the officials' calls, showered the floor with coins. Not only did Wichita win 71-60, but its provident guard, Warren Armstrong, got 13¢ richer. He stuffed a nickel and eight pennies in his sneaker.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

Without further ado, here's the latest from 116-pound Juan (Chu Chi) Rodriguez, the longest luter in golf—pound for pound:

"I was playing with this fellow in Puerto Rico recently," Chu Chi says. "He hit 285 yards off the first tee. Then he topped the second shot with a four-wood. He hit a five-iron eight feet from the pin and putted into a sand trap. He blasted out one foot from the pin, putted eight feet past the hole and sank it coming back. I was thinking he was crazy."

"On the second hole he hit his drive 290 yards down the middle. Then he topped a four-iron a few feet, and put a

seven-iron two feet from the cup, putted eight feet past it again and sank it coming back. I know he is crazy."

"On the third hole he booms another drive. Now I have to ask him what is going on. He told me he was practicing for the club's mixed Scotch foursome tournament. All those bad shots were shots his wife would be taking."

FIRST PITCH

It was 24th in Reno last Thursday, but spring was in the air: Harrah's Club announced the opening line on the baseball season.

American League: Baltimore 8 to 5; Minnesota 5 to 2; Detroit 5 to 1; Cleveland 6 to 1; Chicago 10 to 1, California 15 to 1; New York 20 to 1 and, as an entry, Boston, Washington and Kansas City 75 to 1.

National League: San Francisco and Pittsburgh 5 to 2; Philadelphia 5 to 1; Los Angeles 6 to 1; Cincinnati 8 to 1; Atlanta 10 to 1, St. Louis 12 to 1; Houston 50 to 1 and, as an entry, New York and Chicago 100 to 1.

NOW NOT TO USE YOUR HEAD

How did Bart Starr become the quarterback of the Green Bay Packers? Here's the way Bart is telling it on the banquet circuit:

"When Vince Lombardi came to the Packers he built a large brick wall at the



end of the field and he had the players run toward it. The ones who snuck into it and fell backwards he made defensive linemen. The ones who snuck into it and fell on their bellies became offensive linemen. The ones who ran through it he made fullbacks. And the

continued



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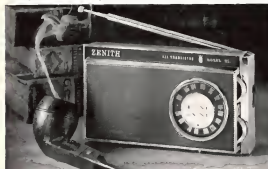
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ZENITH
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before the name goes on

SCORECARD continued

ones who ran up to the brick wall and then walked around it became quarterbacks."

COMPROMISE ON ICE

The National Hockey League, which needs players for its expansion and, doubtless, would like to use U.S. colleges as farm teams, has suggested that the collegians change two rules. The NHL wants 1) the colleges to permit body checking all over the ice, as in the NHL, instead of only in the defensive zone, and 2) to adopt what may be called the one-line pass. There are three lines on the ice—two blue ones, which demarcate the defensive zones, and a red one at center ice, which divides the neutral zone. Collegians can pass the puck over any two of these lines, the pros over only one line.

Some college coaches, particularly those who use mostly Canadians—who have played pro rules since they were kids—would like to see all-ice body checking, as it would enliven the college game. But in respect to the one-line pass: tight-checking NHL games are often boring; whenever a team gets ahead by two goals midway through a game, it plays tight-checking, defensive hockey, and it's very difficult to make a good one-line pass with a defender draped all over you. The two-line pass opens up the game and leads to greater scoring. The fluster play, where one player hangs around at center ice waiting for a long two-line pass that could give him a breakaway goal, is one of the most exciting plays in hockey.

We ask two questions: why don't the colleges allow body checking all over the ice and why doesn't the NHL adopt the two-line pass? That way both games would be better.

ARRESTING DEVELOPMENT

A few days after Bobby Dodd announced he was retiring as the Georgia Tech football coach, he was driving through the Tech campus when he noticed a red blinker flashing behind him. Dodd pulled to the curb.

"Let me see your license," the cop said.

Dodd handed it to him.

"This your car, Mr. Dodd?"

Dodd said it was.

"You know why I stopped you, Mr. Dodd?"

Dodd said he didn't.

"You were doing 50 miles per hour in a 40-mile zone, Mr. Dodd," the cop said, writing out a ticket.

"That moment," Dodd said later, "was when I fully realized I wasn't the football coach at Georgia Tech anymore."

MR. BEAN

Leon Leonwood Bean died last week at 94. Although few of his customers had ever been to his store—L. L. Bean's, Inc., Freeport, Me.—they had got to know Mr. Bean through his no-nonsense write-ups for bear-paw snowshoes, Whistler decoys, gude's skillets and black fly dope in his mail-order catalogs.

The son of a Maine horse trader, Mr. Bean got in the outfitting business because of sore feet. The woodsmen's boots in vogue years ago were uncomfortable and they leaked. Working with a local cobbler, Mr. Bean developed the Maine Hunting Shoe, a rubber-bottomed, leather-topped boot that was lightweight and waterproof. Mr. Bean made it famous by explaining: "The average hunting shoe weighs about 4 ounces more than ours. As big-game hunters walk about seven miles (or 18,840 steps) a day, they lift 2,310 pounds more than necessary." It was this kind of pitch that helped Mr. Bean build up a \$4 million-a-year business.

Indeed, the L. L. Bean catalog is irresistible:

- **Bean's Chamois Cloth Shirt**—"This is the shirt Mr. Bean uses on his fishing and hunting trips. The scarlet is a good fishing shirt, as red repels black flies. Also safe for dragging in deer without coat."

- **Bean's Heavy Duty Belt**—"for hard service. A fancy dress belt looks out of place on heavy hunting pants."

Mr. Bean was an active outdoorsman and his customers knew that his merchandise had been, as he wrote, "personally tested by me." Mr. Bean always got his buck in the Haynesville Woods of Aroostook County in northern Maine. He was keen on fly-fishing for Atlantic salmon in New Brunswick and, like most Mainers, he loved to fly-fish for landlocked salmon and togue at ice-out. His last such expedition was to East Grand Lake when he was 90. Mr. Bean fished out his limit.

On the theory that a deer hunter on his way to a stand at 4 a.m. suddenly remembers he needs a license, or that a

continued

Cadet is for keeps!

Get about 18 hours a week to call your own? About 18 golden hours not spent on working, commuting, sleeping and the routine "chores" of living? They can be more productive, more fun and more free with an International Cub Cadet home tractor. Four models—7, 10 and 12 hp gear drive, or 12 hp Hydrostatic transmission. Cadet's no toy; it's a tractor—built like the bigger International Harvester tractors.

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12 hp Cadet with 48" rotary mower, just one of several dozen year-round attachments. Hydrostatic transmission gives you full-power creaper speeds for high grass, briars or snow removal, then instant speed-up as the work lightens. And all without clutching or shifting. To find your nearest Cub Cadet dealer, phone Western Union and ask for Operator 25.



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**Mennen Afta...the after shave
that soothes, protects, and helps heal...
It replaces oils shaving scrapes away.**

What other after shave can make that statement?

SCORECARD *continued*

trout fisherman might want a few Mickey Finn bucktails on Sunday, Mr. Bean kept the store open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. He was buried on Feb. 9 and L. L. Bean's closed for nine hours. At 5:01 p.m. it was open for business, and the new spring catalogs, for which he had corrected the galleys, were addressed and mailed out on schedule. As always, trout fishermen will be able to consult Mr. Bean before opening day.

INSIDE JOB

When a lion tamer sticks his head in a lion's mouth the risk is self-evident. Or is it? Consider the case of Jim Richards, a whale trainer at San Diego's Sea World, who, twelve times a week, sticks his head inside the mouth of Shamu, a killer whale. Shamu came down with a strep throat recently. A few days later, so did Richards.

APPLYING ENGLISHMAN

An Englishman by name of Norman E. Lewis has come up with what he regards as an equitable solution to Cassius Clay's draft problems. Lewis has volunteered to serve in Clay's place.

In a letter to the Louisville draft board, Lewis said he had two reasons for stepping forward: "The first is that I consider it a great shame that thousands of sportsmen in countries all over the world may be deprived of the chance of seeing in person the man who in my opinion is the greatest heavyweight boxer of all time. The second reason is that it grieves me when I see interviews on TV with young American soldiers serving in Vietnam. In my opinion, these boys are the salt of the earth..."

Lewis said he was 54, 6 feet 2, weighed 210, was in great shape, had served for six years in World War II and "celebrated my 52nd birthday by making my first parachute jump."

Alas, selective service laws do not permit one person to substitute for another, but it seems to us that Lewis might well make a worthy opponent.

THEY SAID IT

- Bobby Bell, Kansas City Chiefs line-backer and Minnesota resident, asked his opinion on holding the Super Bowl at a neutral site. "I don't like it. Now I have to pay taxes in three states."
- Robert Croft, Navy diver, after freediving 212' 7" for a world record: "I need a drink."

END



DOLAN'S FOLLY

Or, how The St. Paul Multicover Plan can gather your insurance into one tidy package (and save you money)

This Chinese puzzle is known to The St. Paul Insurance Companies as Dolan's Folly. Because it is.

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Put together, it is a symbol of The St. Paul's Multicover Plan.

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Well, Dolan was so excited over the Multicover Plan that he got

out of hand. He ordered 15,000 of these wooden puzzles.

We unloaded 2,000 of them. Then we ran an ad like this and got rid of a few more. There are 3,168 of Dolan's Folly left. Will 3,168 of you please write and get a free Chinese puzzle?

And if you're a good risk, please consider the tremendous benefits of The St. Paul Multicover Plan.

It is designed for professional men and independent business men. It is skillfully formed and shaped to fit your own personal individual needs from more than 40 different coverages.

Don't forget Dolan.

We've been called The World's Quietest Insurance Company. Probably because we didn't advertise for 100 years or so. Very quiet people. Very dependable people. Look for our agent in the Yellow Pages.

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Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 20, 1987

A GHOSTLY GO FOR

An Austrian two-man bobsled crabs up the sneaking Vercors switchback on the way to victory under the eerie glow of sodium-vapor lights.



THE BOBS

The world bobsled championships on the new Olympic run at Alpe d'Huez, France turned into a shambles of crashing sleds on the rotten ice of a disastrous course

by **BOB OTTUM**

CONTINUED





World's best bopper, Eugenio Monti, his face remade from a 1958 accident, crashed seconds after he slammed out of Vercoers curve (right)



The sled soared up the high wall of the Vercoers curve at 60 miles an hour. Suddenly, it snapped upside down and Eugenio Monti, world champion bobsledder, came churning toward the finish on the top of his helmet, his arms thrown up in front of his refabricated face. His brakeman spilled out like a broken doll, and the sled did another roll, with Monti half out of it, dragging along. It wedged into the trench a few feet from the finish line and bounced to a stop.

There was a moment of silence, as though the crowd had just seen an execution. Then everybody ran toward the trench. Monti waved the medics back up the ice chute to where his brakeman, Sergio Sotopäes, lay with a broken arm. It was 6:30 a.m. in the cold blackness of Alpe d'Huez. France last week and the world bobsled championships were slamming to a premature halt.

The French racers called the scene *un massacre*. The French press said it was a triumph that the thing got as far as it did. Everybody agreed on one point: this was not a vintage year for bobsledding. There were two explanations for the insanity high in the Grandes Rousses on the rooftop of France. One is simply that bobsledders are slightly crazy, the lunatic fringe of winter sports. The other is that France is the host for next winter's 10th Olympics, and this is the shakedown season for all the sites. The Games will headquarter in Grenoble. Mountain communities on all sides will stage the more glamorous

Alpine and Nordic ski meets, and lucky little old Alpe d'Huez, 40 miles out in the skiing suburbs, drew the bobsleds. The town should demand another drawing.

The French are going all out for their first Olympics since 1924, spending \$200 million at Grenoble. The bob run they built at Alpe d'Huez was intended to be the best in the world. Italian Architect Luciano Gallì, whose bob course at Cervinia is one of the finest, was chosen to map out the new track high on the shoulder coming down from the Col de Pourtau.

The finished product, a snaking, undulating concrete chute, dropping 459 feet in less than a mile, coiling through a labyrinth, six near-hairpins and four monstrously speedy curves, cost \$800,000. Its thick concrete sides rose to a height of 15 feet at the curves. Before the snows came it looked deadly enough to please the craziest sledder: one wrong move and he could fly, no hands, all the way to the Riviera.

Then France iced up the run and invited the sport's top practitioners to try it out. Bobsledding was once a daytime activity. But at Alpe d'Huez it was scheduled at night when the ice is hardest. Anyone but a bobsledder would have panicked at the Dantesque spectacle. The run glistered evilly under yellow sodium vapor lights that are supposed to provide greater depth perception—a point that is disputed. They made everybody look coldly embalmed, and the mountain landscape on each

side vanished murkily in the gloom.

"*Allez roulez au peu*," the committee said, and they sent the sledders clattering down. Near the finish, on the glassy vertical wall of the Vercoers turn, the sled was a fine blur of color against the eerie light.

Photographer Jerry Cooke turned from his eyepiece and murmured, "I swear, if I didn't know better, I would say that sled was empty." It was. The two giddy Frenchmen who had jumped into it at the top of the run had been bounced out along the way and scattered into the hills.

There was a long pause. Then, out of the blackness, the committeemen and the world's best bobsledders came walking down the course, lapping at the ice here and there, arguing in a babble of languages. They shrugged and climbed out.

The next sled came racketing around the Rousses and Vercoers switchbacks, and everybody could see right away that there was a marvelous improvement. This sled had one man in it, hunched over tightly and hanging on across the runts with all his strength. His brakeman lay sprawled far behind. In two runs, one man had suffered a mild concussion and all four had been pounded lumpy.

The too-soft ice was badly rutted. The run had been built facing south, because the ski runs take up all the other slopes, but nobody counted on the fact that the thing lay in bright sunshine all day. Alpe d'Huez claims to be the sunniest ski resort in the world, and for weeks,

continued

through usually cold, gray January, it had more than lived up to its claim. The bob run during the day took on the characteristics of a drunken irrigation ditch. When the temperature plummeted after sundown, the ice jelled—but not enough. The first part of the course looked as if it had been run with tractors, and the officials decided to start the runs 500 meters below this area at the 1,000-meter mark and, if necessary, to limit the championships to one, two or three runs instead of the customary four.

The beginning of the meet was postponed one day, two days while work was done on the piste. The starting times were changed from 6:30 p.m. to 6 a.m. so that workmen could hose the ice all night, building up what the day's sun had washed down the course. The world's longest shower curtain was strung along the course to shade it but that did not help, for the ice was not bonding properly to the concrete walls. Worse yet, serious faults in the construction of the course began to show up when practice was resumed—the inruns and outruns were mysteriously wrong. The committeemen listened to the complaints and said, "Ça ira," which means, "It will go."

At one high point, during dinner, one of the Swiss sledgers burst into the Ours Blanc Hotel. "I can't stand it," he cried. "I absolutely *cannot* stand it. There are 11 men up there working on the course and five of them are drunk, waving wine bottles and singing."

But the reaction was calm. "Six out of 11 sober," one bobsledder shrugged, "is not a bad average for any country. Don't worry about it. This run is so bad that nothing else can hurt it."

With revolt smoldering all over the village, François Missoffe, the French Minister of Sport, made a run on the course himself, a move he figured might help calm the storm. Missoffe is a tall, angular man who will do anything for his office—like Bobby Kennedy running a river or Stewart Udall climbing a mountain—and he strapped on the crash helmet with a look of cold dedication. The French four-man bobsled team sandwiched him in behind the driver, and they pushed away.

"It is a splendid run," said Missoffe at breakfast. "On the Vercors curve you go up very, very high. I started out looking ahead, over the driver's shoulder. But when I saw that one coming, I just

closed my eyes. It is the first time I am ever inside a bobsled. Next I am going to parachute into the snow. It is a new sport for French skiers." And would he also go off the new 90-meter ski jump at St. Nizier to convince the world it was all right? "The jump is all right," he said. "Don't worry about it."

But the bobsledders remained unconvinced. "It doesn't cut any ice with me," growled one American, his best line of the week.

Meanwhile, with practice dashes, the course grew more rutted and bumper. French soldiers assigned to maintain the track would leap into the trench and disguise the ruts with a chill, pasty mixture of snow and ice, like vanilla frosting. Flashing by on a trial run, Italy's Monti hit one of the gouges and set the new course record for freestyle flying, landing on one runner and barely under control. In a few minutes he came walking back up the course and said calmly, "I didn't see that rut. It was hidden." He took an ax from a soldier and swung at the wall, chipping the frosting away. "There," he said, "the course is fixed."

Monti, who is 39 years old and nine-time world bobsled champion, may be the toughest man in the sport. In a memorable smashup in 1958 at St. Moritz, he was dragged down the course under his sled and emerged battered and scraped beyond recognition. At Alpe d'Huez, he explained, "It is really me. I have got a new face since then."

Great Britain's Tony Nash, reigning Olympic two-man champion, showed up with his original face—but wore it twisted into a look of contempt.

"This is a plaything," he said. "We are trying to get this meet stopped. If not stopped, we want to call it merely an international meet, not a world championship. Running a sloppy course for 1,000 meters does not prove anything."

"It could be a fabulous course," he said. "But the entrances and exits are flat and throw the sleds off line at the most crucial points. Remember, a two-man bob is exerting 40 tons per square inch of pressure on the ice and using only a small portion of its runner. The slightest mistake in course design can throw it off."

America's Fred Fortune, 45-year-old racing veteran and 1948 Olympic bronze medalist, figured the Col de Portran might make a fine addition to Disneyland. "It is only dangerous because of

the flat spots on the inrun and outrun. The throats between the curves are supposed to blend in and throw a sled from one curve to the other, but here you come off a curve and hit this flat area and you go flying into the next curve."

"The half mile at Lake Placid is faster," said two-man brakeman Philip (Bear) Duprey of Raybrook, N.Y. He stood at the starting point and buckled on a padded leather girdle as a kidney protector and donned thick leather elbow guards. "Here all I have to do is hang on for the ride." Would he grab the brake on the way down? Duprey scowled. "Hit the brake? We're here to race. I wouldn't think of it."

At the end of the first run, the bobsled meet had shaped up the way the handicappers figured: Italy's Monti and Brakeman Scorpions were leading, Austria's Erwin Thaler and Reinhold Durnthaler were second, Britain's Nash and Robin Dixon lay seventh, but only .66 second off the leader, and America's Howard Clifton and James Crall were eighth, just .86 second off.

Then came Black Wednesday. The ice, under the lights, lay glittering sickly, chopped and rutted. Monti crashed, kicking up a plume of shaved ice and gouging a new slash near the finish line. "I had a beautiful run until that curve," he growled. "Then I hit that bump, and the sled went wild."

Back at the start, the other sledgers shook their heads. If Monti couldn't make it down, could they?

Nash and Dixon could not. They came roaring off Vercors, and everybody winced. They could see the accident taking shape. There was another explosion of ice. Another sled bucked off its riders higher up on the course, and still another, jouncing over the ruts, seemed to disintegrate at the finish line—sprawling its rear runners and slamming from wall to wall, with the riders practically finishing on the seats of their pants.

With only one sled to go, the Americans stood at the bottom as sure medal winners. "Who cares about the medal?" said Clifton. "All right, so we won a medal. All we want right now is for everybody to get off this hill alive. Pray for this last sled."

The sled made it. It was over. Austrians Thaler and Durnthaler had won, Italians Nervo de Zordo and Edoardo Tinter de Martin were second and America's Clifton and Crall were third. The

other American sled, with Bob Said and Dupey, was ninth, and everybody still had all their fingers and toes.

The 1967 world two-man bobsled championship was history. "And tomorrow," said Amilcare Rotta, president of the International Bobsled Federation, "we start training for the four-man, no?"

Yes. No. One four-man sled, the Italian, made it down the course, and that was that. French officials made a desperate plea to competitors to keep practicing, but by now the sledgers were ready to march on city hall with truncheons. Finally Rotta called it off. "Next year," he said, "will be perfect."

Next year, indeed. The Col de Pourtan needs considerable work before the Olympics. How can it be repaired on time?

"The best thing to do with it," said Franz Kapus, "is to break it up and put it into tracks and drive it back down to Grenoble."

Kapus is the 59-year-old sledging expert from Zurich who is in charge of care and maintenance of the run, and Kapus knows bobsled runs: he broke his back on one in a spectacular accident at Cortina in 1954. He was a four-man world champion in 1955 and Olympic champion in 1956. The entire course, he said, is an \$800,000 mistake. There is nothing to do now, he says, but rip out all the cement and rebuild it with earthen walls. That way mistakes can be repaired with shovels.

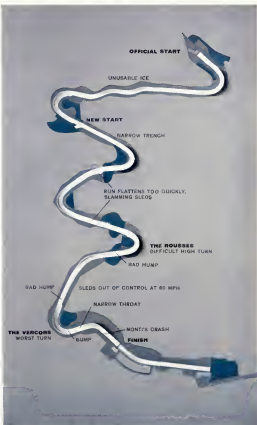
Gaudenz Gartmann, the Swiss Chef de Mission who had observed the construction of the run, said, "Plans for the course were perfect, but mysteriously, somewhere between the architect's plans and the finished run, something went wrong. On the curves the spaces have been changed and the whole thing is off enough to make it a monster."

"The best remedy for the course," says Fred Fortune, "is to dynamite it and start all over again. We tried shaving the ice down to eliminate the humps," he said, "and we hit solid concrete. Blasting is the only answer."

Prospects now are that the course must be entirely rebuilt this summer to satisfy all the critics and remove all the imperfections.

Meanwhile, the world's biggest, snakiest white elephant lies in the hills above Grenoble—the most unloved bob run in the world.

THE COURSE AND ITS DANGER POINTS



The Alpe d'Huez bobsled course has all of the requirements of a classic bob run: a bending labyrinth, some brutal switchbacks and soaring curves. From the official start to the finish line, it drops 459 feet over a distance of 4,929 feet, enough for sleds to gather record-breaking speeds when the ice

is smooth and fast. The trouble was that even if the ice had been as hard as diamonds, such serious mistakes had been built into the concrete shell (map above) as to make the facility unusable. A lot of jackhammering, dynamiting and money will be needed to correct it before the Olympics.

TEEN-AGER ON A COMEBACK TRAIL

Marie Mulder is not running any slower than she used to. It is just that everybody else is getting faster. Abby Hoffman beat her in a featured half mile last week, but Marie has only begun to fight **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

She turned 17 only last Saturday, and she is getting prettier every day, but there must be moments when dark-haired, dark-eyed Marie Mulder is gripped by the startling suspicion that she may be over the hill. Miss Mulder, you see, is a girl distance runner and a good one, but the way things are in the girls' running society these days the pledges have to work like hunnies—uh, beavers—just to stay in place. The sport, at longer distances, is booming.

What happened at last week's Los Angeles Times Indoor Games at the Sports Arena furnishes a pretty fair example. Despite the fact that there were present at least two dozen men and boys who are sure to be on the 1968 U.S. Olympic team, initially the best event of the evening promised to be, of all things, the women's 880-yard run. This is a race that not so long ago was thrown into the program to provide a change of pace from the more muscular grunts and groans of the males. But early last week Frances Kraker, the Michigan coed with the bright-blond hair who held the U.S. indoor half-mile record for a week this winter, announced that she was staying home in Ann Arbor. Then Doris Brown, a slender Seattle schoolteacher, who now holds world indoor records in both the mile and half mile, announced that she was pulling out because the arches in her fast little feet were aching from overwork.

The withdrawals dimmed but did not destroy the race, which still included Canada's curly-haired Abby Hoffman, a British Commonwealth Games champion; Charlotte Cooke, the strawberry blonde with a dancer's body who holds a wide assortment of U.S. distance rec-

ords outdoors, and, of course, Marie, a heroine of U.S. track ever since, at 15, she came within a lunge of beating the Russians at the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. dual meet way back in 1965. And now she was in the somewhat ludicrous position of trying to make a comeback at 17.

By race time Miss Cooke also was out of the starting lineup. She showed up at the track, sized up the competition and decided she was not yet in good enough shape to wrestle with it. She probably was right. Marie, who feels she must set a brisk pace because she lacks the natural speed to really zing out on the last lap or so, survived some unladylike bumping around at the start, before getting the lead on the first lap. Her quarter-mile time, as a result, was a slow 67.5, but she and Miss Hoffman really stepped through the last quarter mile. With two and a half laps remaining, Abby bounded into a lead and held off Marie to win by 20 feet in the good time of 2:11.4. The third-place finisher was Kathy Hammond, and that was significant, too. She is 15 years old and has only been running a year and a half.

Miss Hoffman was ecstatic. "That's a Canadian record, you know," she cheered to a meet official after the race. "I'm planning to run faster later on this winter, but maybe we'd better fill out an application just in case."

Abby is a 20-year-old junior at the University of Toronto who gave up swimming at the age of 14 because she had not set a world record yet and was discouraged. If she can continue to compete south of her border she may yet attain her goal, but on the running track.

"The best competition in my event is right here in the U.S.," she said last

week. "Your runners are getting right up there. But it's the same old story. Whenever you people put your mind to something you can do it. You've ignored the middle distances up till now."

The prospect certainly is for faster and more exciting races in these no-longer neglected events as the indoor season ends and the sport moves outdoors. In the last two years U.S. girls have taken to distance running with the same enthusiasm that others before them devoted to skating and swimming. Last fall in California, for instance, over 300 women turned up to run in cross-country races each weekend. "It was amazing. I've never seen anything like it," exclaims Bobby Seaman, a former UCLA miler who now chairs the Southern Pacific AAU Long Distance Running Committee.

"I first began to notice the enthusiasm just before my family moved east from Sacramento in August 1965," says Miss Mulder. "All of a sudden a whole lot of girls were running at the meets, especially 12- and 13-year-olds. And now they are getting awfully hard to beat. Two years ago if I'd been able to run the times I'm running now I'd have won by miles. Now I don't even win, period."

One of the first reasons Marie isn't winning now is Mrs. Brown. Doris has come into her prime at the advanced age of 24. She keeps her 5' 4", 108-pound figure sleek by training twice a day. At 5:30 a.m. she runs five miles around Green Lake Park, a recreational area in the residential north end of Seattle. From 7:45 a.m. until the middle of the afternoon she conducts physical-education classes at Kellogg Junior High School. At 4 p.m., she shows up on the

track at Seattle Pacific College, where she earned her college degree, to do her more serious pace-and-sprint work.

"I don't like training on the track like that," says Doris, whose husband, Don, also teaches school and runs. "It's awfully hard on my feet, and cross-country running is loads more fun. But I've just got to do that speed work to keep up with the rest of the girls."

The rest of the girls are having a hard time trying to keep up with Doris. A year ago in Vancouver, B.C., she set a world indoor record of 4:52 for the mile run. Last fall she won the National AAU Women's Cross-country Championships (51, Dec. 5, 1966) and two weeks ago in Seattle set another world indoor record, 2:08.5, in the 880-yard run. "That mile in Vancouver was the breakthrough for me," she says now. "Before that it was just a lot of training held back by either injuries or sickness. But that gave me confidence, and everything has gone well since."

Most everything has gone very well, too, for 19-year-old Charlotte Cooke, whose great natural speed makes her an explosive, exciting performer at both the 880-yard run and the 440. As a senior at St. Mary's Academy in Inglewood, she suddenly blossomed into prominence last winter by winning the National AAU indoor 440-yard championship and setting a world record of 54.2 in the process. Outdoors in the summer she set U.S. records at 400 meters, 440 yards, 800 meters and 880 yards and got almost as much attention at the Los Angeles Coliseum by winning an important race wearing hair curlers, because she didn't want to be late for her senior prom. In the autumn Charlotte packed her curlers and trooped off to Texas Southern University on a track scholarship. But, while the men's track program there has produced whippet-fast sprinters and relay teams, there did not seem to be much for a girl to do. So now she is back home in West Los Angeles, trying to lose the extra poundage she put on rusticating in Houston and planning to enter Pepperdine College this April on a track scholarship.

"You don't hear much about the 100 or the 220 anymore," she said, while watching last week's meet from the com-

fort of her seat in the stands. "The longer distances are becoming more popular because there's better quality there and stiffer competition."

Marie Mulder, only too aware of what it takes to win these days, is planning to come on stronger than ever this season. "I'm just writing last year off," she says of her rather mediocre 1966 record. The family of six children (two are married) moved east from California when Marie's father, Carel, took a job with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Her training program, perforce, was badly disrupted. But now that Brooks Johnson, a former Tufts College sprinter who is studying at American University, has taken her coaching in hand, much of the Mulder zip has returned. "I lost my confidence," says Marie. "I began to feel that I never had a chance against a good runner. That's no way to think."

Under Johnson's direction, Marie has been training twice a day. In the morning she is up at 5:30 a.m. and runs for 30 minutes to an hour through the streets of Camp Springs, Md., a Washington suburb where the Mulders will live until they move back to Sacramento this spring. Her only trouble is dogs, and not because they bite. "One dog will start barking at me and set off a chain reaction," she says. "Soon all the dogs in the neighborhood are barking. The neighbors must get pretty annoyed."

In the afternoon Marie does faster, more intensive work on the all-weather track at Crossland High School, where she is a junior, and has pulled down five A's and a B between workouts. "I feel good, and I'm making good progress," Marie says of her running. "The pressure's not on me anymore. That's the way I like it. It's more fun to run, and I'm getting my confidence back."

Marie has also done some image re-making. Her soft, brown hair, once cut in a boyish bob, now hangs down to her shoulders, flowing behind her when she runs, like Batman's cape. "I got sick of people who saw me running in my sweat suit and yelling, 'Hey, boy, you better get a haircut,'" says Marie. "Now they know for sure I'm a girl." They know for sure that she can still run, too.



Long-legged Marie Mulder strides out ahead of Canada's Abby Hoffman early in L.A. race.

CHAPEL HILL'S TOBACCO ROGUES

They're the L&M kids, Bob Lewis and Larry Miller, two more in a long line of Yankees who have maintained North Carolina's prominence in basketball. An ACC title is the least of this team's ambitions **by FRANK DEFORD**

Basketball as conducted in the state of North Carolina provides sufficient excuse for Yankees with four-year visas to play each other while the competing bands offer separate but equally enthusiastic versions of *Dixie*—so that the fans can go berserk in turn. It is a satisfactory arrangement for all, and it reached a climax exactly a decade ago when the University of North Carolina won the national championship behind a player with the fine old southern-planter name of Lenny Rosenbluth. The custom is now exemplified again at UNC by a couple of 6'3" All-America tobacco rogues who have come to Chapel Hill from the more sophisticated world of Georgetown, in the District of Colum-

bia, and the more rugged one of Catsauqua, Pa.

Those two players, who have led the Tarheels to a 16-2 overall record, 8-0 in the Atlantic Coast Conference and a ranking as No. 4 in the nation, are Bob Lewis and Larry Miller, or, as they are known, surreptitiously now, in the underground, the L&M boys. Lewis and Miller used to be openly advertised as such, but "usually reliable sources" report that other tobacco companies in the state—who have been known to give a dollar and a quarter to the university—felt this an unfair plug. University officials deny this, but where there's smoking, there's probably been some firing, and references to L&M have disappeared

as suddenly as some of your favorite Red Chinese.

Lewis and Miller wear Nos. 22 and 44 respectively and dress in uniforms of baby blue, just like Elgin Baylor and Jerry West of the Lakers, who are always celebrated as the "best one-two punch in basketball." North Carolina's uniforms beat those of the pros, however, for they must be the only ones around that even have big numbers on the socks—very helpful if you are trained in reading the spots on the balls rolling around on a pool table. The outline of a little foot, toes and all, appears on the pants to show that these are the Tar Heels.

Lewis' uniform does not fit as snugly



Larry Miller (center) trails as Bob Lewis brings the ball downcourt on a fast break against Wake Forest during North Carolina's overtime win.

as those of his teammates. He is best described by his father, John Lewis, an electrical engineer, as "poor old skinny Bob." He eats well enough, but "the nervous energy just sort of runs out of me," he says, and his weight seldom goes above 175. His cheeks are hollowed, and his eyes are surrounded by great dark circles; since the eyes are precisely the color of the Carolina-blue ring that he wears, they shine like two mountain lakes in a dark forest. He even stammers a little, just enough to make him more appealing in his deceptively anxious way. Actually, his nervous energy comes out mostly as confidence.

Miller, if it is possible, is even more sure of himself, but then his faith is founded on more substantial ground. For if Lewis is the soft pack, Miller is a hard, flip-top box. He has cut his weight to about 200—which serves to make his muscles more revealingly awesome. When he came to Chapel Hill, he favored a motorcycle-rider hards—close on top, long sides brushed back (and he had clothes to match)—but now as a junior

he wears a proper brushover collegiate cut. Miller is a lefty who parts his hair on the right; Lewis is right-handed and parts his hair on the left. They are also mama's boys, since Mrs. Virginia Lewis played semipro basketball and Mrs. Magdalene Miller played semipro softball.

Last season, their first together, Lewis averaged 27 points a game, Miller 21, and together they helped make UNC the best-shooting team in the nation, but the team record was only 16-11. This year, as three good sophomores moved on to the starting team, Lewis and Miller changed their styles. With two real-live native Tar Heels coming in from front—6'10½" Rusty Clark and 6'8" Bill Bunting—Miller has not been required to concentrate so much on rebounding. Instead, working more from a corner, he has been able to exhibit an outside shooting touch that had not been on display since he was considered the best senior high school player in the country three years ago. His average has gone up to 23 points a game.

Lewis, shifted to the backcourt to team with still another sophomore, 6'3½" Dick Grubar, has undergone something close to a complete metamorphosis. He is not only playing a fine, conscientious defense for the first time but is taking only a dozen shots a game—six less than last year. He has, in fact, become so smitten with playmaking and the general joys of selflessness that by last week he was just about killing the team with his kindness. Dean Smith, the erudite young Tar Heel coach who majored in math at Kansas and reads theology for diversion, expected Lewis' average to drop when he moved to guard but, Smith says, "I haven't been stupid enough to try to turn Lewis completely into a playmaker." The statement hardly flatters Lewis' powers of intellect, since he seems to shoot these days only as an exercise in self-torture. In the Wake Forest game last week—which the Tar Heels were lucky to win in overtime—Lewis made his new average (17) mostly by drawing charging fouls. He took only nine shots. A few days earlier at Virginia he went up to shoot, spot-

continued



The man who gets the ball for the Tar Heels when they desperately need it is Miller, here taking a rebound away from Wake Forest's Newton Scott.

ted Miller underneath at such a late instant that when he switched and passed, the pass rimmed the basket.

After the Wake Forest game, which embarrassed Lewis and Miller, the two held a little conference and concluded what everybody else already knew—that if selfishness is one way to lose games, rampant altruism is surely another. So against Georgia Tech in Atlanta on Saturday, Lewis promptly showed he was ready for a change by throwing up an impossible, cockeyed shot the first time he laid hands on the ball—just to show he could do it. Altogether, he took a more appropriate number of shots (13) than he had been taking, but the Yellow Jackets—who have won nine of their last 10—shot 58% and clung to the remnants of an earlier 14-point lead to win 82-60. Lewis and Miller were the only nonsophomores to play for Carolina, since two of the three top reserves, seniors Dick Gauntlett and Mark Mirken, had to stay home to take law exams. (In the last five years, 17 of the 27 Tar Heel lettermen have gone on to graduate school.) Lewis and Miller led the sophomores on the comeback against Tech but could never get the Tar Heels in front.

"I think Bob and I finally understand," Miller says, "that for the team to really go, we have to be right together. This is a good team, but we can carry a good team and make it a great one." Miller speaks that way, directly and positively. The word he keeps using, which is certainly appropriate for him, is "dominate."

"Too often," he says, "I relax and get carried by the tempo of the game, rather than dominating the tempo myself. I know I'm the kind of player who has the power to break a game open. I'm explosive, and I can dominate things."

Both the stars have been lax about taking care since the Tar Heels' first loss, to Princeton. The wins have come harder, and strange flaws have cropped up. For instance, the foul shooting dipped to an appalling 21 of 39 vs. Wake Forest and is only 64% for the season. This is particularly embarrassing since their own mothers probably could beat them at it. Mrs. Lewis once sank 35 in a row.

Part of the problem has been that the Tar Heels have been too passive against zone defenses. The zones were, of course, inevitable, because the Tar Heels are so tall—Lewis and Miller

are, in fact, the smallest starters—and the L&M boys are such outstanding one-on-one players that it is almost impossible for a rival team to match up against them both. Miller is an especially exciting driver, a sure (if not fancy) dribbler who conveys the ball when on the move and then supplies both the strength and agility to muscle in for the three-point play.

Lewis moves well all over the court, on offense and defense, even when reluctant to commit himself to a shot. "I'm really enjoying this season," he says. "It's so different. You know, before this year, I never even went into a game when I didn't just assume that I would score 20 points. I expected that of myself. If I only got something like 14 points, I'd go crazy. I'd start worrying what was wrong. I'd even stay afterwards and practice. Now, listen, I've always wanted to win, but I always wanted to win and score points. I was always thinking about that. But I wanted to prove something this year. Look, I've scored. I have scored. I scored 27 points a game, and that's a lot of points. Now I want to show I can do everything else."

Despite his leanness, Lewis has always played very well underneath the basket; he learned his basketball on the playgrounds, where survival demands playing one-on-one, inside and out. For many summers, day and night, he would be at the Chevy Chase Center or at St. John's academy (where he made All-America in high school), playing pickup games with players like Dave Bing, Fred Hetzel, Ron Watts, John Thompson, Tom Hoover and John Austin. A great jumper (though he needs one step to get his spring), Lewis could always hold his own in the extracurricular playground dunking contests. On one occasion he tied the 6'10" Hoover, matching his best—a two-ball stuff, one right-handed, one left-handed on the same leap.

A sociology major, Lewis has roomed with Gauntlett through all four years at Carolina, which he says is a record. He may also hold another with Bettejane Burrows, with whom he has gone for six years. They will be married on July 29. In a glub moment when they were both 18 and had a mere three years of going steady behind them, Bob promised Bettejane an engagement ring on her 21st birthday. Sure enough, on her 21st birthday last September, he was there to give her the ring. Then Lewis went back

to school and started giving the ball away, too. "Everything is just so great," he says, the blue pools glimmering.

Both Lewis and Miller will play pro ball, but Larry's future is otherwise more uncertain. A business major with a penchant for sports cars, he has no plans for marriage. Also, unlike Lewis, Miller did not grow up in a highly competitive environment. Instead, he, well, dominated the athletics of Catastauqua, a suburb north of Allentown on the Lehigh River. He was a pitcher until he quit that sport, a quarterback until his parents refused him permission to play football. He still has a fondness for football, though, and in an unusual fit of despondency last fall Larry called up his father, Julius Miller, a Mack Trucks assembler and town councilman, and told him he was going to shift to football. The moment quickly passed, however, to the relief of Catastauquans who have thrived on his basketball exploits for years. Fourteen busloads of townspeople showed up in Chapel Hill to see him play as a freshman and this year the town rounded up \$4,000 worth of advertising to get the Tar Heel games broadcast by an Allentown radio station.

Miller, like so many powerful men—strong and silent among strangers—can also be remarkably expressive when he does talk about himself and his background, about Catastauqua and his family, parents who had to quit high school because of the Depression, his sister who went to work, then decided to go to college and worked her way through. Of himself: "You know, when I was a kid, I was really on the wrong side of the fence. I was in a gang. We'd steal a few things, wreck a few things. We were picked up by the cops a lot of times. I was near real trouble. I was getting very good training to be a gangster. I don't know what would have happened, but one day my father—I admire that man more than anyone in the world—he gave me a real talking. I was about 11, I guess. And then, about that time, I found basketball. That helped, too." By his senior year in high school, Miller was not only an honor student but class president as well.

On campus, as indeed throughout the state, the L&M boys are honored. Carolina is that way; the state is studded with Yankees who came to play ball and stayed to live. Chapel Hill itself (with Duke just up the road in Durham) pro-

continued



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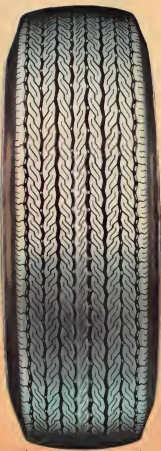
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vides the state with an academic community that may be unsurpassed in the South. UNC draws students from every state, has become a favorite choice of the New England preppies and even offers that ultimate mark of the cosmopolitan campus, a peace demonstration. It is held every Wednesday at noon. UNC also enjoys a reputation for good parties, though many of the Carolina coeds are a bit inaccessible, since they spend their first two years at the W.C. The W.C. is over in Greensboro. It is the Woman's College. At Chapel Hill most any Friday night, you hear, "Hey, y'all, let's g'wah to the W.C." Altogether, Chapel Hill is, as Thomas Wolfe once said, "a charming and unforgettable place with a good flavor of the wilderness." The scene is such that UNC recruiting efforts are considerably enhanced just by getting a prospect on campus.

Another advantage is Coach Smith, who is kidded by his assistants—John Lotz and Larry Brown—as having exactly the perfect personality for talking to mothers of prospects. It is obvious why, for Smith is such a sincere, straddles-looking man that strangers often naturally assume that he is Dean Smith by title, rather than by given name. His players stand in awe of his technical basketball knowledge. Game plans are accepted with the assurance that Smith has just returned from obtaining them on Mount Sinai. Even when he is relaxing, his colleagues maintain, in a corner somewhere deep in his brain there is a relentless search going on for an alternate way to break a half-court 2-2-1 trap match-up zone press with a chaser . . . just in case. The Tar Heels worked a last-second full-court play against Wake Forest. "That probably came to Coach Smith at 10 o'clock at night last July 8," Graduate Assistant Coach Charlie Shaffer said. "I'm serious." Indeed, the one criticism usually heard about Smith's coaching is that it is too bookish and sometimes fails to take into account such intangibles as game tempo or team momentum.

Smith, his prairie twang still unaffected by the soft accents around him, played on the 1952 championship Kansas team and was brought to Chapel Hill as an assistant in 1958 by Coach Frank McGuire. He became head coach in 1961 when McGuire left and the school went on athletic probation for recruiting violations. Only this year has North Caro-



The Old Well, a campus landmark, is the background for blue-blazer Lewis (left) and Miller.

lina firmly arrived at the top again, and the fans sense it with fervor. "Remember '57 in '67" the signs say, in the hope that "seven" will roll national championship again.

It is not impossible, but for now the more realistic aim is merely to win the conference title. Carolina has already beaten defending champion Duke in Durham, but the Blue Devils are coming back strong after a rocky start. Besides, the ACC still believes in double jeopardy; the real champion and NCAA representative is the team that wins the postseason tournament.

Certainly, even with the loss to Georgia Tech, even as they stagger to conference victories, the Tar Heels should be favored. But to win, the Carolina sophomores must continue to improve. Miller must keep driving hard, dominating,

and Lewis, bless his well-meaning heart, must be just a teensy-weensy but selfish.

In the Tar Heel locker room, there is just one little aphorism posted. It says: "The main ingredient of stardom is the rest of the team." Lewis and Miller are two stars who obviously believe that, but they still must utilize their vast skills to the utmost. Coach Smith might show them another thought from that Tar Heel alumnus, Thomas Wolfe, who wrote: "If a man has a talent and cannot use it, he has failed. If he has a talent and uses only half of it, he has partly failed. If he has a talent and learns somehow to use the whole of it, he has gloriously succeeded, and won a satisfaction and a triumph few men will ever know."

If both Lewis and Miller achieve that satisfaction, all of the Tar Heels will find the triumph in their wake. **END**

HE SIZZLES AT THE END OF A SWIZZLE STICK

Bob Seagren belongs to the Pepsi generation. He is an expert with hair sprays and long-distance phone calls, but what he does best is ride a cumbersome pole almost out of sight

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

A wonderful bird is the pole vaulter. He is supreme among track and field athletes because in his one event he is the synthesis of them all, combining—in relatively moderate supply, of course—the speed of a sprinter with the strength of a javelin thrower and the spring and elasticity of a high jumper. He must also have some of the endurance of a distance runner, because often he will still be working when everybody else has gone to bed. His 16-foot vaulting pole makes it necessary that he be cunning, too, in order to get it safely from one competition to another, to keep it out of the ears of pedestrians at the crowded intersections around arcades like Madison Square Garden and to get it in and out of taxicabs. Don Bragg was almost electrocuted once when his pole hit a power line as he tried to board a train at Philadelphia's 30th Street station. A problem more prevalent today

is knowing which airlines will let him take the pole with him, because a vaulter must always take it with him. In the end it helps that he learn to appreciate the glamour of his event, because when he is as good as Bob Seagren (see cover) girls wait for him in hotel lobbies and call him long distance in the middle of the night.

One thing a pole vaulter does not have any more is longevity. As a modern hero his fame is bright but short. It used to be different, back when Bob Richards was vaulting. Bob won two Olympic gold medals four years apart and track people accepted the possibility that they would have to put up with him forever. There was a degree of permanence to every new record. It took 13 years for the world record to rise from 14 to 15 feet. When Don Bragg "came down from outer space" (as headline writers were inspired to say in 1960), down from 15'

9¼", it was a very big event and followers of the pole vault settled back for a long siege of Braggadocio. Don was young, curly-haired and bulging with muscles and ideas. He said his plans were to win the Olympic gold medal, which he did in September of that year, and to play Tarzan in the movies. "If I can learn to vault," he reasoned, "I can learn to act." What he learned instead was how ruthless the advance of technology could be.

In May of 1961 an Oklahoma State sophomore named George Davies flexed his fiber-glass pole, gathered himself into a knot at the end of it and, as much to his own surprise as anybody's, soared 15' 10¼" outdoors. Don Bragg was at least resentful. "That's catapulting, not vaulting," he said, with some justification. He moved that the glass pole be outlawed, or made a separate event.

But soon every vaulter worth a flip had





acquired one and the skies were filled with flying bodies. George Davies was soon forgotten. In rapid succession a German immigrant named John Hans Feigenbaum (his adopted name was John Uelses), Dave Tork, a 27-year-old marine, Pentti Nikula, a Finn, C. K. Yang, a Chinese from UCLA, and Brian Sternberg of Seattle, perhaps the best of them all, had set records. "Acrobats," sniffed Don Bragg as his chances to play Taran went flying out the window. He said an event that used to be 70½" man and 30½" pole was now 70½" pole. Patience, he said, had taken the place of strength, that it was just a matter of waiting for that sublime soap that would send the vaulter to heaven's door.

What Bragg was resisting, naturally, was progress, an amenable enemy. The glass pole did indeed take some of the muscle out of the event, but it placed a more proportionate premium on speed

and agility. A wise old head, Yale Coach Bob Giegengack, said during the heat of the controversy. "It always took an exceptional athlete to be a pole vaulter. Now it takes an even better one."

In any case, there soon was nothing exclusive about being a member of the "exclusive 16-foot club" of pole vaulting because everybody but Orson Welles was vaulting 16 feet. Then, one warm day in Coral Gables, Fla., a former sousaphone player named John Pennel, who had started vaulting with a used television antenna and admitted to an early fear of Big Bend, that marvelous fiber-glass pole, cleared 17 feet. Bragg quit fighting.

That was in August of 1963. Now there are six pole vaulters who have done 17 feet or better: Pennel, Seagren, Paul Wilson, Sam Kirk and Fred Hansen of the United States and Wolfgang Norwig of East Germany. Hansen, who won the 1964 Olympic gold medal in Tokyo,

retired a contented man at age 24. Pennel is 26, and he has been out for months with wrist and shoulder injuries and will not compete again until spring, but he has by no means retired. Any day now one of the remaining four will do 18 feet or more, as sure as Bob Richards eats breakfast food. If you concede that Pennel, older and hurting, has been eclipsed, then the man for this job is Robert Lloyd Seagren, who used to be Pennel's roommate until he found out what a lousy housekeeper Pennel was.

Seagren, the man for this season, is 20, a handsome dog with a made-in-Los Angeles personality and a little-boy smile that knocks girls out. He is obviously no intellectual, because he thinks we ought to be in Vietnam and ought not to take seriously those "nuts" at Berkeley. Vaulting has been taking up most of his time since he was 11, and he is in a hurry. He thinks he can do 18 feet indoors be-

continued

fore the spring thaw. He already held the indoor record before this season but improved it to 17'2" at Albuquerque three weeks ago and would have added an inch to that this weekend in Los Angeles had his pole not gone underneath the crossbar after he had cleared the height. For a couple of months last year he had the outdoor record, too, but Pennel got that back in July with a vault of 17'6½".

Seagren is now at the University of Southern California, where one of his fellow sophomores is Paul Wilson. In the absence of Pennel, Wilson is Seagren's principal opposition. The USC track coach enjoying this extravagance of talent is Vern Wolfe, himself an ex-pole vaulter (hambro) who knows the best way to coach good pole vaulters is as little as possible. His two stars are not alike: Wilson is a purist, a student of the vault who can tell you the physical properties of the pole, its transverse deflection ratio, its cantilever test score and its resale value at the Army-Navy surplus store. Seagren might casually drop into

a postmeet interview the notion that there are "32 phases" to correct execution of the vault, but he picked that up from someone else and would not want to be held to an inventory. The sum of the parts is what interests Seagren. He is what in sports is romantically called "a natural."

The other day he was in Coach Wolfe's office at USC, watching moves of his triumph at Albuquerque. Not all of the fun he had had there was on film. Vault-er-about-town, he had enjoyed himself and had got a kick out of the Albuquerque paper that said he was up until 4 a.m. after the meet because he was too excited over his new record to sleep. It was not his record that kept him up. But now, on the coach's wall, the flickering image of Bob Seagren the vaulter did not please him. Bob was turning off the pole too soon, Vern Wolfe said, sliding to the right before he got maximum height. "Oh, bad vault, bad vault," Bob said. "I can't believe that. That's not even close to being perfect." Wolfe smiled and said tenderly, "Bobby, you don't make perfect vaults, except once every three or four weeks."

By his own appraisal, Seagren often "slops up into the air" and then tries to muscle through to make up for his loss of form. He estimates that he has spoiled numerous record jumps doing that when, as happened last week, the pole followed him into the pit. There are times when he fouls out at heights he should be able to clear in an overcoat. At Fresno the day he did 17'5½" he almost went out at 15'6". On his third try at that height, he blocked—i.e., ran down the runway, planted the pole in the box and stopped without jumping—eight straight times. "The fans were yelling, 'Get that guy out of there,'" Seagren says, "and an official told me he'd have to disqualify me if I didn't jump, so I finally did and made it."

Seagren complains that he does not have the coordinated hand action of Hansen or Pennel, that he frequently pushes off with one hand instead of two and other times he just looks plain tired going over the bar. But these are things only he might see in himself, and the point is he does get over the bar, somehow, and usually at that moment when all would be lost if he did not. In New York at the Millrose Games he injured his back and staff he set a meet record of 16'7". He could have quit then, but

the bar was raised to 17'2", and he prepared to go on. Vern Wolfe walked over to him. "Don't you thank you ought to quit, Bobby?" "Hell no, coach. You know I can't quit now."

As a breed pole vaulters just naturally seem to be a daring bunch, else they would not be flying around up there on a swizzle stick that weighs only four pounds and is not built to last. (Seagren has broken 15 poles, but fortunately has never been broken himself.) They appear to thrive not so much on the competition but on the experience. Gifted with instant enthusiasm, they always seem to want to try something, anything. The desire for experience is the sort that makes Bob Seagren declare he wants to be a pilot when, for the first time, he is allowed into the cockpit of a plane and sees all those flashing lights and levers, and makes him say to a man back from Africa that he would give his right arm to hunt something there.

In Pomona, 25 miles due east of Los Angeles, where he grew up, Seagren rode his motorbike two years ago at break-neck speeds around the hills below Mt. Baldy. Often he had climbed the mountain and crawled through the narrow underground passages of Cucamonga Canyon, daring them to swallow him up. He put a 1958 Cadillac engine into a 1940 Ford sedan to see what it could do. He got expelled from school for a week for painting "Pomona High" in big red letters on the gymnasium wall of a rival school. The arduity wasn't as exerting as the execution—he had to shimmy up 30 feet of drainpipe to get to the chosen spot.

His brother Art, four years his senior, aroused Bob's appetite for pole vaulting. Art was full of great ideas. He took the hambro poles out of the rolled-up rugs at a nearby carpet store and the two of them went vaulting from one garage roof to another, terrorizing the old ladies of the neighborhood. A couple of times Bob tried too hard to keep up with his big brother and plunged into clotheslines, twanging his neck. Art himself went nose first into the mud of a stream bed and almost suffocated. They never could get enough of that wonderful peril. Today when the brothers are home in Pomona on weekends they get their skateboards and race six miles down the concrete wash from Mt. Baldy Dam at speeds of up to 30 miles an hour.

"It's hairy," says Bob.

continued



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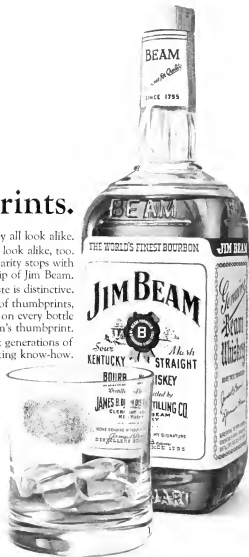
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Arthur Seagren Sr. wanted his boys to be professional baseball players. He had been a good athlete himself back in Illinois, had moved to California to drive a Pepsi-Cola truck and, 28 years later, is now manager of one of the larger Pepsi-Cola plants in southern California, dispensing 15,000 cases a day. But, as Bob remembers, "Dad had a glove on me all the time. I got sick of baseball. If you want to know the truth, I didn't like sitting on the bench."

So Bob followed Art's lead. Art set pole-vault records in junior high, senior high and at Mt. San Antonio Junior College, and Bob came along behind him four years later and meticulously wiped them out. Art had built himself up for handling the aluminum pole, was bigger and stronger than Bob but less supple. Bob found he could make far better use of the fiber-glass pole than Art ever did. The last piece of advice Art was able to give his little brother was that a few squirts of hair spray were great for keeping the hair in place going over the bar.

Bob was always a dead-serious trainer. He developed a hernia throwing Pepsi cases around at his dad's place. "Art hated all that sweat, I didn't mind it," Art hoisted dumbbells and ran great distances and did chin-ups. He still leans to middle-distance running and gymnastics (horizontal bar, rope climb, still rings) as principal parts of his training and never attempts to vault more than 16 feet except in competition. A couple of years ago at Mt. SAC he got tangled into the decathlon. Some of the events he had never tried before, others he had only sampled. "The officials laughed like mad when I threw the discus," he says in recollection. "And my first two attempts with the javelin were line drives that didn't even stick in the ground. I landed head first in the sand on my first broad jump. I couldn't keep my butt from hitting the hurdles. I was unbelievable." He was. In a field of 16 that included two Olympians, Seagren finished fifth.

Though his attitude toward scholarship was not unique ("I hated school"), Seagren's grades in high school reflected his loathing. He was advised by USC to take a stab at junior college first. His grades at Mt. SAC, which read like a cold wave, were hardly encouraging. Seagren transferred to Glendale—another justice college in California—

and after some protracted sweating came up with enough credits to get into USC last fall. He still does not pretend to be a dedicated scholar. His vaulting schedule, practically year round, is too heavy and too time-consuming to permit that. So he picks his courses gingerly and jokes about it.

Seagren became friends with Pennel at the AAU championships in San Diego in 1965. Before long they were sharing an apartment in Glendale, where Pennel worked for a wine distributor and Seagren went to school. Then they moved into an old house with another USC track man, Mike Flanagan. Seagren did the housecleaning, an activity for which Pennel professed no love. They went to movies together, studied films together and together fought off the cockroaches that infested the house. On the road they had a routine for people who wanted to know what that long pole was they were carrying. "Balancing poles," said Pennel. "We've got a high-wire act. The street will be roped off at 4 o'clock. We're going to make a tight-wire run from that building to this one." "I'm riding the little bicycle," said Seagren, "and John here will be on my shoulders with his pole." They also played together and learned to appreciate the enthusiasm of female track fans. "It was the worst training schedule I ever had," says Seagren, "but I actually kept improving. I couldn't believe it."

Pennel, older and wiser, beat Seagren nine straight times before their abilities began to level off. For Seagren it got to be something to anticipate, like giving blood. "Beat John? Are you kidding? I never thought I would. Never thought I would vault 17 feet, either." It all came together in one night in Albuquerque about a year ago; Seagren did 17' ¼", the first 17-foot vault indoors. Pennel settled for 16' 6". "What a night," Seagren wrote in the little notebook he uses to record his statistics. Since Albuquerque he has vaulted against Pennel 18 times in all, Pennel winning 11, Seagren seven.

The three athletes eventually abandoned their house. Pennel was away at the time, so Seagren and Flanagan stacked his things in a corner and left a note reminding him to tend to the cockroaches. Seagren now lives by himself in an efficiency apartment near the campus. The room is decorated with pictures of people proclaiming the Pepsi generation

continued



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SWIZZLE STICKER *continued*

(and a Hamm's beer sign) and scattered around are some of the things a hot-shot amateur athlete can win without corrupting his life—TV sets, typewriters, Polaroid cameras, watches, sports coats, a tape recorder.

Seagren does his own ironing, but he prefers, after a year of his own cooking, to eat out. He has pledged the Kappa Alpha fraternity. KA is strong for athletes. It gives an award, the SMIKA (smoothest man in Kappa Alpha), and has won another, the Volks Tote Award, for carrying a Volkswagen by hand. KA's spiritual leader is Robert E. Lee. Every year there is a public hanging of Ulysses S. Grant's effigy and the fraternity officially secedes from the Union. KA is pleased to have Bob Seagren. Its president says there is a spot reserved on the fraternity Hall of Fame for Seagren's picture. Bob is properly humble. He was genuinely sorry that Coach Wolfe would not let him go through Hell Week, during which KA pledges are allowed to paint, refurbish and repair their place and to suffer the whims of upperclassmen on a diet of grease sandwiches and cold chicken gumbo soup. "The trouble is," said Wolfe, "they don't let you sleep. And that diet!"

The world, Seagren has found, is a pole vaulter's oyster. His way has been paid to meet in Germany, Brazil, Finland, Mexico, Russia, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Poland and Norway, and he is always amazed how nice people are. He sits around the apartment building talking about it and about his competition with great vaulters like John Pennel.

"I had the record, now John has it," he said, "and I'll get it back. We both get our turns. It's more interesting that way. John manipulates the pole better. He's like Hansen on the top, that quick turn. Flies way up. He keeps those two hands right there and it gives him more power at the release. You always see me with one hand way up here."

"John's been great to compete with. The only time I felt funny was at Albuquerque when I did 17 feet for the first time indoors. John didn't make it that night. I really thought he would, too. I didn't know what to say except, 'Sorry, John.' He'd always been ahead of me before that."

And then the telephone rang, interrupting his conversation, and what's a fellow to do but answer it? **END**

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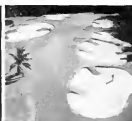


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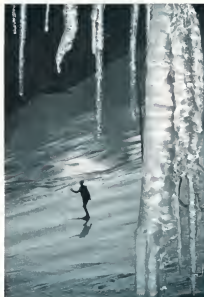
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by Fred R. Smith

"New Mexico," a local wit once wrote, "has plains so flat that the State Highway Department has to put up signs to show the water which way to run when it rains; yet the mountains are so steep that the bears . . . have all developed corkscrew tails so they can sit down once in a while without sliding off into Texas."

To the amazement of anyone whose idea of New Mexico was formed while crossing Route 66 with its SEE THE DEADLY DESERT RATTLESNAKES and LAST CHANCE FOR WATER signs, New Mexi-

co also has some of the finest snow in the country. And even though most New Mexicans don't know it, the bears are not the only ones sliding down their landscape. Skiing has come to the land of adobe haciendas and roadrunners. The mountains that form the state's disjointed spine thrust up as high as 13,000 feet. With every 1,000 feet of altitude being climatically the equivalent of 300 miles in latitude, a trip from the base of one of them to the top is like traveling from Mexico to Alaska.

"Altitude is everything out here," says

Kingsbury Pitcher, operator of the Santa Fe ski basin and one of the most knowledgeable ski-area architects in the country. Altitude and face, that is. For the southern sun shines on the mountains with the same constancy with which it bakes the brown earth along Route 66. In New Mexico a ski mountain facing north, out of the direct gaze of the sun, can produce the most salubrious skiing

continued

Mescalero Indians, who own the Sierra Blanca ski area, do Mountain God dance for snow.



Silver Skiing continued

in the U.S.—light, dry snow and sweat-soaked skiwear.

Take Sierra Blanca. This great hulk of a mountain soars up in the Lincoln National Forest, 200 miles south of Albuquerque. At night, from its 12,003-foot peak, you can see the glow of El Paso and Juarez, 130 miles to the south, and of Roswell, 90 miles to the east. The vast flat expanses of the White Sands missile range and the Tularosa Valley lava flow lie below—an area so desolate that the first atomic bomb was exploded here. Almost nightly, missiles seem to join the endless expanse of stars.

Sierra Blanca was built in 1960 by Robert O. Anderson, board chairman of The Atlantic Refining Co. and quite possibly the largest single landowner in the country. At one time, Anderson owned three ski areas—Sierra Blanca, Santa Fe and Aspen's Buttermilk. He invested \$2.5 million in Sierra Blanca on trail cutting, lifts—there is a gondola and one double chair—a 16-mile switchback road up from Ruidoso and the lodge and adjoining motel. Anderson sold Sierra Blanca for \$1.5 million in 1963 to the Mescalero Apache Indians. Why the \$1 million loss? Anderson says that New Mexico has been good to him and he wanted to return the favor. The Indians hired Roy Parker, a veteran ski instructor and manager, formerly at Loveland and Vail, to run their investment, and Parker employs 15 Mescaleros as lift operators and cafeteria workers. The tribe also makes other contributions to keep its ski area in the black—or the white. A few days before Christmas and the first heavy onslaught of customers, Sierra Blanca had only a light dusting of snow on its best trails. While Parker was wondering whether or not to start making snow on the lower slopes—a costly and disagreeable chore—the Mescaleros dispatched their prize dance troop, which, wearing nothing more warming than body paint, performed the Mountain God dance on top of Sierra Blanca. Parker made snow, but so did the gods, six days later.

Sierra Blanca draws 80% of its skiers from Texas. Many of the folks know Ruidoso for its quarter-horse racing—its All American Quarter Horse Futurity, held each Labor Day, is the world's

continued



The end of the seven-estate Rubenfeld run at Taos courses through a beautiful spruce forest.





richest horse race (SI, Sept. 26). They come back in winter to show the kids what a mountain looks like. Others get the pitch from Ski-school Director Jim Isham and his pretty instructresses, who put on their Bogners and take to the road each fall like the tent-show men of old, selling the elixir of skiing to the Texas Panhandle towns of Hereford and Muleshoe, Bronco and Whiteface. Half of the people who ski at Sierra Blanca have never seen snow before, and Parker thinks that he has the largest stock of rental skis in the West—700 pairs.

The visitor to Sierra Blanca who wonders out loud what one does after the lift shuts down is in danger of becoming a victim of a brand of wide-open-spaces hospitality that can be more crippling than the anxiety of the heights. Ruidosans pride themselves on their hospitality at Futurity time, and the open-house spirit reawakens when the skiers arrive. "Fix your own" is the easy invitation, and Styrofoam cups with the host's name printed on them are filled for the road, so that a hand is never empty on the way to dinner. Dinner with Ruidosans is likely to be 30 miles away at the Silver Dollar in Tinnie, N. Mex., an 1880s building that has been restored by New Mexico philanthropist Bob Anderson. On the wide veranda stand three life-size saddle-store wooden horses. The interior glows with stained glass from Nob Hill. Dinner is at a long communal table, and the steaks-and-chops menu is painted on a Lancer's Cracking Rosé wine bottle. Everybody starts with an ironstone platter of serve-yourself salad and slice-yourself homemade bread, and the favorite entrée is steak and lobster tail and baked potatoes stuffed with everything but a simple dollop of butter. The Cracking Rosé flows, and the topper is a Pregnant Canary, Galliano and cream on the rocks. The journey back across the plains, through Lincoln, of Billy the Kid renown, is broken at the Inn Credible (sic), a skiers' watering place at the mountain's base.

If Sierra Blanca is one of the most isolated ski resorts in the country, Albuquerque's Sandia Peak is one of the most accessible. Albuquerque's mountain, unlike the ancient volcanoes that make up most of New Mexico's mountain landscape, is a great granite-and-

limestone loaf that rose up in some primordial earth-shifting. The side toward Albuquerque to the southwest has a precipitous craggy face. But the opposite side, to the northeast, is a spruce-and-pine-covered slope that has been used for skiing since 1936. Until this season it was a long journey around the mountain to the skiing, but last summer Robert Nordhaus and his partner, Ben Abruzzo, opened the Sandia Peak Tram, two 60-passenger Bell cable cars, with a base only five miles from one of the fastest-growing cities in the country. New Mexico's small ski population cannot as yet support a \$2 million tram, and Nordhaus and Abruzzo are after the summer tourist dollar as well—112,000 sightseers rode to the top last summer. To put grandma at ease, all of the machinery, the controls and the operator's console are exposed behind glass—the great drive-wheel and brakes painted orange, blue, yellow and green. The hexagonal restaurant at the top has a sunset view of twinkling Albuquerque and an endless panorama of mesas and volcanic cones silhouetted against a Frederic Remington sky.

Albuquerque does not have a bad case of the ski bug as yet. For one thing, most of its expanding population has come in from the flatlands to work in the missile and nuclear industries, and they can play tennis and golf all year in that climate. Bob Nordhaus stages a combination all-in-one-day tennis tournament and ski race each spring. The skiing is on the gentle side, but what a place to learn! Ski school begins at the top of the mountain, and a double chair lift brings you back up.

The view to the north from Sandia Peak to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains ought to inspire any flatland beginner to perfect his stem Christy and get up there where the real mountains are, in Santa Fe and Taos. But the flatlanders are not the only ones New Mexico has to show. The state legislators in Santa Fe share the general disbelief that skiing is here to stay—or that New Mexico has got some of the best of it.

In Santa Fe it is easy not to believe in skiing. The landscape in winter is all brown adobe beneath the bare cottonwood trees and wisps of pylon smoke. The drugstores around the old Spanish colonial plaza do a big business in hearing aids and walking sticks for the retired who have come here for the mild winters. However, the winding road up to the ski mountain climbs 3,000 feet

and it soon reaches the snow. It is unpaved, and the admonition, "Chairs suggested," is not to be taken lightly, for it is a road of treacherous grades and blind curves, sometimes dotted with abandoned cars. The legislators, when they vote money for new roads, vote money for roads to ranches and gas wells, and the ski areas go hang.

Until the 16-mile road is improved, Kingsbury Pitcher, who once managed Sierra Blanca for Bob Anderson and now owns Santa Fe, feels that Santa Fe skiing will remain virtually undeveloped. "We are at least 10 years behind Colorado," Pitcher says, "and, sitting here with our fine mountains, we are watching the serious investment money pour into such places as Vail and Aspen. In addition to the road problem, we have no private land at the ski area, and no one can get money to build a lodge on national forest land." Meanwhile, Santa Fe, with its Spanish colonial charm, fine inexpensive hotels and restaurants, lies half empty in winter, when it could be filled with skiers. They would find a mountain reached by two double chairs and a Poema, with great fields of powder, no waiting lines and a vista across the Rio Grande gorge to Los Alamos, the atomic capital of the country.

If the trouble at Santa Fe is all mountain and no real estate, the trouble at the newest ski area in New Mexico may turn out to be the reverse. Just 90 miles to the north of Santa Fe, around the bend from Taos, Roy H. LeBus, a Wichita Falls, Texas oil man, is turning a 25,000-acre chunk of the old Lucien Maxwell land grant into Angel Fire, a golf, ski, tennis, archery, riding, fishing, shooting resort that sounds on paper like a sportsman's Nirvana—and bring the kids. As you drive into Angel Fire you enter a beautiful, wide valley where Shane would feel at home. This is high mountain-meadow land, with no desert in sight. Wheeler Peak, New Mexico's highest, is off on the horizon. The newly cut trails of Angel Fire are etched along the sides of the western face of a high sloping mountain that is diminished by the immensity of the landscape around it. Western face? In the New Mexican sun? Whatever are they thinking of? A tour with Jim Woods, development manager for Roy LeBus, quickly tells you. The western face overlooks the real estate. Up it will rise next year a Pöhlbig gondola, and a network of double chairs—15 are projected, more

continued

Skiers from Sandia Peak take the sunset ride home, with Albuquerque twinkling far below.

Silver Skilling *continued*

than in all of Aspen—will be noteworthy for lack of vertical rise. "We're building for the beginner," says Woods. In an enormous acreage zoned for commercial development, Woods conjures up visions of shops, discothèques, restaurants and hotels "as soon as the tight money eases up." Down the road is the Country Club, a brick-and-stone structure, its left half complete, its right protected from the weather by sheets of plastic billowing in the breeze. There is wall-to-wall carpeting inside, and a bar boy is waiting to mix your drink. A plan of the lots around the clubhouse and golf course shows 250 lots sold. The prices are gradually being phased up—"next week they go up to \$5,600 the half acre." The streets are to be called Sugarbush Lane, Aspen Street and Vail Avenue.

Happily for anyone with intentions of serious skiing, there is another side to this mountain, facing north. There are two chairs operating here (mysteriously numbered 6 and 5, since as yet there is no 3 or 4), and skiers have to be bussed around on a mountain road to get to them. If they try to ski back home on the other side of the mountain, they may find that the major route home, a run called Sunset Strip, has been strangled by the sun.

A half hour's drive from Angel Fire up Route 38, past Eagle Nest and the Road to Camaron, is Red River, another world of New Mexican skiing. Red River has for years been a summer fishing-camp town, a mountain refuge for Texans and Kansans and Oklahomans fleeing the fierce heat of July. Its one street is a honky-tonk stretch of false-front buildings covered with back siding, a sort of Catskills West. Every afternoon in the summer there is a *High Noon* shooting for the tourists. Now the fishermen come back to Red River for the skiing. The flags of Texas, Kansas, and Oklahoma fly over the snow-plow hill, and a ski instructor encourages his class with exclamations like "Y'all just tickle me!"

Ernst Windisch, the blue-eyed Bavarian, formerly of Arapahoe, who runs the area, keeps interest high with evening ski-school parades down the mountain by torchlight and with ski-clab races—Amarillo currently holds the Red River trophy, which is a gigantic brass model of Texas. Those who get bored with falling down can always go ice fishing on the other side of the parking lot: CATCH GUARANTEED, W.



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Windisch has a pretty substantial mountain above those beginners' slopes, offering such demanding trails as Massacre, but he still talks wistfully of developing the really high terrain of Gold Hill, still farther back. However, in the fall, when he visits the ski clubs on his promotion tour, the first question is never about new supertrails. It is always, "Do you still have the Whirlybird?" The Whirlybird is a sled run for inner tubes.

Eight miles across the mountain from Red River is Taos Ski Valley, New Mexico's finest ski area. The handful of people who are real Taos aficionados think it is the finest ski area in the U.S. They really are a handful, when you consider that more people ski at Stowe on two good weekends than at Taos in an entire season.

On a day in Taos when the powder is fresh and the sun is shining—not an untypical day, either—their claim would be hard to deny. Here is what such a day can be like. Say you are staying at the comfortable little Edelweiss. There are only eight rooms, and you join the rest of the guests at long tables for breakfast in front of a big stone fireplace.

Breakfast is at 8: fruit juice, pancakes with blueberry syrup, eggs, bacon, coffee, prepared by Dado Mayer of Sallanches, Haute-Savoie, France. Dado is not only your host—he and his brother, Jean, teach a kind of skiing they call “advanced experimental,” which has a way of turning advanced skiers into graceful stylists.

The ski lifts start at 9, but there is no real hurry, for there is never a wait. No. 1 goes right up over Al's Run, the steepest mall in the West and one of the 10 best ski runs in the country (SL, Nov. 14). You pass it up for now, wondering as you do how anyone managed to ski it 58 times in seven hours—as did 16-year-old Paco Santiestevan, Taos' top racer, in last year's annual Taos marathon. At the top you ski across to the new chair lift, which gives the area a vertical drop of 2,900 feet and opens up vast acreages of bowls, chutes and trails. Your first run is over the backside to Rübenahl, a seven-mile tour of powder fields that narrows to a winding trail, then opens up again to more small bowls, with Wheeler Peak towering above you. The last three miles take you into a long, winding downhill promenade through deep spruce forest, ending back at the base of No. 1.

You still have time to run the front side of the mountain a couple of times—once down Powderhorn, then the steep Snake Denade, right to lunch at 12:15 at the St. Bernard, Jean Mayer's warmly rustic hotel and restaurant at trail's end. The sun streams in the windows through pots of geraniums, and lunch is a steaming *choucroute garnie* with a pewter tankard of draft beer. The seals are prepared by Felix Verron of Notre Dame des Neiges, France, who leaves in April to be the chef at the Belgian Pavilion at Montreal's Expo '67. Meanwhile he sends one miracle after another from his tiny kitchen—and has been known to break down and weep when the platters on which the lobster Alburt was served came back with the sauce of cream and cognac untouched.

After lunch you take a lesson with Dudou, who changes your whole idea about skiing in one hour. You find yourself planting your pole out to the side instead of ahead and diving farther out over your skis. "Look, look, look with your eyes—way ahead and then follow them." Suddenly your feet seem to come together and your stem vanishes and you're gliding down the sunlit

face of Porcupine the way the Mayers do.

Later that day you meet Ernie Blake, the German-Swiss-American who owns Taos, for a drink at his home by the No. 1 lift. There's a sign outside that reads ACHTUNG, ACHTUNG, YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE AMERICAN SECTOR, which is Ernie Blake's kind of humor. Taos does have the air of a small European ski village lost somewhere in the American West. There are only six lodges, a ski shop, a café and a tiny house covered with wooden candy canes, where Ski Instructor Roberto Garcia sells tamales and gingerbread. Ernie owns about 90 acres of what was once old mining land at the base of his steep mountain, and this has made it possible for him to develop a ski village right in the heart of the Carson National Forest. He has plans for other lifts on Kachina Peak. "We've only developed 30 acres and have Forest Service permission to develop 5,000 in all." Every lodge owner at Taos is an instructor in the ski school—one of Ernie's stipulations—and everybody who skis at Taos is on a first-name basis in 24 hours.

"We've done away with all the catwalks and widened the trails so that we'll soon be full of Texans and bunies," Ernie says. It is true. The front face of Taos, the one you see as you arrive, the one that makes you consider turning right around and driving out of the valley, is still the realm of the super-expert. But winding back and forth around this mountain are such smooth, well-graded trails as Firtlelanz, Intermexzo and Camino Sinuoso that anyone can get down, and Taos, once known as a playground for experts only, has a goodly share of beginners who find themselves joyously stemming down White Feather their fifth day on skis.

For dinner that night you drive a few miles down the hill to the little Spanish-American settlement of Arroyo Seco. Here in the Casa Cordova, an old adobe hacienda—arrowheads are still embedded in the walls—Taos Ski Instructor Godie Schuetz, formerly of Basel, Switzerland, and his French chef contribute further to the Taos reputation for having the best food of any ski area in America. A piñon-log fire burns in the corner fireplace, throwing ruby highlights through the Pommard bottles. Tomorrow you'll try Al's Run—after that lesson today—but meanwhile you raise a glass to your unfortunate pals who went to St. Moritz and Zermatt.

END



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Recently when Don Blasingame signed with Osaka's Nankai Hawks, league officials decided that the former major league second baseman should change his name. "We don't want Japanese fans to struggle with the pronunciation when he comes to bat," they said. In addition, "Blasingame" was too long to fit in newspaper box scores. Several names were proposed, among them "Blair" and "Blazing," but finally the Hawks decided on "Blazer," a nickname Blasingame had 12 years ago in the National League. "It sounds snappy and even seems to evoke a spiritually stirring acoustic effect," a Hawk public-relations man said. Blazer, untried, said, "It's O.K., so long as it's me."

After serving as brakeman on a two-man bob driven down the bobsled run at St. Moritz by Brian's 1965 world champion Tony Nash, Cowboy Actor Hugh O'Brian declared, "I'd have given a lot for a comfortable saddle and a four-gaited horse." A few days later, however, O'Brian decided to go it alone down the Cresta Run (below), the twisty course on which a number of people have been

killed and countless injured. Riding a skeleton (the aptly named sled used on the Cresta), O'Brian made it to the bottom on his first try. But after that he never even got halfway down in two days of repeated tries, often flipping some 30 feet in the air and crashing into a snowbank. A costume Marine buster and parachute jumper, O'Brian said, "I thought it would be a kick—and it was. There is nothing quite like it."

Asked by the promoters to thump up interest in the Clay-Terrell fight Sonny Liston showed up in Houston and said, soon after he arrived, "It'll be a tough fight. Everybody has had trouble with that bum, Terrell." His obligations over, he spent the next few days showing off a photostatic copy of his birth certificate to reporters, who have been waiting for years that Sonny is taking a short count on his age. "Read this now. What do it say?" Liston would demand. And his listeners would read aloud, "Charles Liston, born May 8, 1932." Feeling that he had won *this* fight, Liston left town six days before the championship bout.

When Clint Murchison Jr. announced that he was considering building a new stadium for his Cowboys on the outskirts of Dallas, three weekly suburban newspapers published editorials suggesting that he be drafted as mayor. The *North Dallas Times* declared: "Clint Murchison Jr. is the kind of man Dallas needs at this critical time in the city's history. . . . He is able, ingenious, forthright and courageous." Said Murchison, "I'm not interested in the job, but I hope my mother-in-law reads those nice things they said about me."

One of Venezuela's highest honors, the Order of Francisco de Miranda, has been presented to Luis Aparicio, the noted shortstop from Baltimore and La Guaira. Usually awarded to leading citizens responsible for important public works, the order had been given to athletes only twice before. The other day Aparicio was asked to President Raul Leon's home in Caracas and formally decorated "for brilliant action in sports and for all he has done for his country beyond its frontiers." Among the most excited spectators at the ceremony was 7-year-old Alvaro Leon, the president's son, who wore his baseball glove. Aparicio was so moved at receiving the honor that he could hardly murmur a thank you. Explaining his choke-up later, he said, "I was overcome. This league is too much for me."

Doag Weaver, who was fired as head football coach at Kansas State last November after his team had a 0-9-1 season, has signed up with arch-rival Kansas—as a freshman law student. The 36-year-old father of three hopes to complete the regular three-year course in two and a half years and then practice law somewhere in Kansas. "I've spent 24 of my 36 years being involved with football in some way," he said when he enrolled at Lawrence last week. "I can't remember what a spectator does,

but I suppose, come September, I'll be sitting in the student section at K-State stadium."

In a recent game against the Boston Celtics, Cincinnati's Jerry Lucas was called for a foul. Protesting to the official that he wasn't anywhere near the play, Lucas was told, "It must have been you. I know it was some white guy." Oscar Robertson laughed when Lucas told him about it. "Now you know what prejudice is," Robertson said.

Two days after the Super Bowl, Green Bay rookie halfback Donny Anderson began basic training at Fort Campbell, Ky., and six months of active duty with the National Guard. A credit to his old squad leader, First Sergeant Lombardi, Private Anderson last week outscored the 239 other members of his company in the physical-combat proficiency test. He made perfect scores in the horizontal bar, 40-yard low crawl and the run, dodge and jump events (below), but he was not quite so impressive in the grenade throw ("I haven't had much experience") or the mile run, which he completed in 7:20.



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New twists for an old art

Extremely long, serpentine tees are just one of the original features that Golf Architect Desmond Muirhead is bringing to his distinctive courses

Moviemaking has its underground, the theater its absurd and art its pop. Today it is in to be far out, to such a degree, in fact, that even the traditional art of golf-course architecture is getting with it.

One of the men most responsible for the new-wavemaking is Desmond Muirhead, a breezy Briton who sees nothing sacred in the standard rules of golf-course design and who already has demonstrated his resolve to break as many of them as possible. "Golf-course architects have not had a new thought in 100 years," he says. "Most courses being built today are nothing but imitations of imitations of imitations."

Muirhead has begun his fight against conformity by attacking what is perhaps the most cherished part of the modern golf course, the straight tee. To make a

course interesting for golfers of varying strengths and skills, the current fashion is to build tees as long and straight as airport runways. This, in Muirhead's view, is as ineffective as it is unattractive. A hole that plays well for a short hitter at 350 yards is not automatically just as fair and intriguing to the long hitter from another 100 yards farther back. Or vice versa. What Muirhead does is build the world's longest tees, but not in a straight line. Instead he makes them wind like a country road around terrain features, thus providing golfers with genuine variety. For example, Muirhead's tee for the 15th hole of the municipal course he is remodeling for the city of Alameda, Calif. measures 300 yards from end to end, but it curves so sharply that it almost completely surrounds a long, narrow pond. The result

is an imaginative par-3 hole that can be anything from a wedge shot over fairway to a 210-yard wood over water.

At his Soboba Springs course in California, Muirhead has built a par-3 around a pond for which the tee is shaped like a boomerang (below). The 14th hole of his Overlake Golf and Country Club course in Seattle has a long, angular pond that flanks the fairway on the left and a tee that sprouts arms in several directions, creating a par-4 that can be played eight different ways.

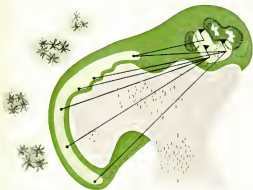
Muirhead designs other distinctive features for his courses as well. He likes to include numerous free-form lakes, and bunkers with curves that echo the turns of water hazards and woods as they slash in strange patterns across and beside fairways. His intention is to achieve an artistic sense of variety, one that applies not just from hole to hole, but on each hole from day to day.

Muirhead, who is 43, officially joined the small world of golf architecture only four years ago. Born in England and educated at Cambridge, the University of British Columbia and the University of Oregon, he was first a civil engineer, city planner and landscape architect.

In 1962 he was invited by Paul Loughridge to build Capistrano Saddle Club, a real-estate development in California. In connection with that project he was asked to design the development's main feature, a golf course. Though an expert on community planning and landscaping, he had qualms about building a golf course.

"I was scared," he confesses, "but I had had a little experience, and decided to try it anyway. I began by making an inspection tour of many of the outstanding courses in the U.S. and Great Britain, hoping to find that they all had some sort of mystique in common that would help me. Instead I discovered that they had no mystique whatsoever. So I began to evolve some ideas of my own.

"The real problem is that golf courses are not yet being treated as art forms. But they should be. Too often they are just accidents. That is what comes of letting ex-greenkeepers and ex-golfers do the design. If they get a good man to do the bulldozing they usually get a good golf course. If they don't, they don't. It is that simple. The current architects are all trying to imitate Robert Trent Jones and the late Dick Wilson. Fine men, of



UNUSUAL TEE REANSETH AT SOBODA SPRINGS CAN BE PLAYED FROM 150 TO 230 YARDS

course, but imitators themselves. Lots of people in the business don't know where they are or what they are doing. Most of the old, once-great courses are out of date, yet architects go right on copying them anyway. But we don't need to copy our fathers. Blazed! We're big boys now."

An important part of Muirhead's philosophy of design is that a golf course must merge gracefully with its surroundings. "The experience of seeing the course, as well as playing it, is tangible," he says. "Therefore it should have a character, a distinction, of its own. Every site has this special sense that must be captured. Regardless of where the course is—in the mountains, by the ocean, in the desert—designers seem to put in the same sort of greens and the same sort of traps. But why? I think this is a fundamental mistake. It shows lack of imagination."

If Muirhead were to build a course in New York City's Central Park, for example, one guesses that it would have bunkers like canyon walls, jutting rock formations as hazards and perhaps a waterfall.

During his short career, Muirhead has designed or renovated 30 courses. It is too early to tell whether they will stand the test of time, but the initial reaction to them has been enthusiastic and he may indeed have started a trend toward bolder thinking in his field. Certainly few golf-course architects have ever said, "My influences come from the landscapes of Henri Rousseau and Van Gogh, the abstractions of Maró and Kandinsky, the sculpture of Arp, Brancusi and Moore. . . ."

"The whole art of golf architecture is going to be thrown wide open," says Muirhead. "Architects are going to have to be familiar with the great paintings and sculptures. They will have to learn, through art, to solve the problems of the site and create something imaginative." Something, say, like a 300-yard tee coiling around a lake.

"I don't want to sound patronizing," Muirhead says, grinning through his black mustache. "But maybe in two or three years I will be in a position to sound patronizing."

It may take two or three years to test the validity of Muirhead's feelings about golf-course design, but in the meantime he is a welcome addition to a clan that has grown a little calcified.

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The fillies may be better than the colts

That seems to be true in California, at least, where the Derby candidates are not in the same class as those based in Florida. The best prospect of all, however, may be a colt spending the winter in South Carolina

For the past 15 years Santa Anita racegoers have had legitimate reasons for smiles of smugness in mid-February. At that point, 10 weeks before the Kentucky Derby, when Californians become weary of reading Hialeah race results, they usually start talking up the names of West Coast runners who will show the world what it's all about at Churchill Downs. The San Vicente and San Felipe, for example, are two important prep races for the Santa Anita Derby, and during the last decade and a half these February events have brought to prominence horses like Hall Gail, Determined, Swaps, Terrang, Tony Lee, Royal Orbit, Flutterby, Olden Times, Royal Attack, Hill Rise, Lucky Debonair, Jacinto and Saher Mountain.

This season, however, there is a noticeable lack of California enthusiasm. Even the most devoted Santa Anita boosters reluctantly agree that the Hialeah-based 3-year-olds are probably better. And this year that may not be saying a great deal.

Hialeah has the 2-year-old champion, Successor, who won't race until spring. After him, the classic hopes lie with Bold Monarch, Bold Hour, Dr. Fager, In Reality, Great Power, Reflected Glory, Cool Reception and Reason to Hail. And if Darby Dan Farm's undefeated Cap Race, Grinstark's half brother sidelined with backed shins, doesn't make it to the Derby, the stable feels it may have a replacement in Proud Clarion.

"With the exception of Successor," says Santa Anita Racing Secretary Jimmy Kalroe, "it looks like we'll have to establish form on immediate results instead of on last year's 2-year-old performances."

The best California 3-year-old right now—though he has yet to go more than seven furlongs—is an extraordinarily good-looking bay son of Restless Wind named Tumble Wind. Bought a year ago from his breeder, Mrs. Cloyce Tippet, for \$100,000 by Mrs. T. Kenneth Ellis

of Virginia, Tumble Wind now races in the name of Rock Spring Farm Stable for her, the Fappetts and a few other members of a syndicate. He hasn't yet made his purchase price look like the bargain of the year but, with five victories in nine starts and a bankroll of \$77,825, Tumble Wind is the obvious early favorite for the March 4 Santa Anita Derby. After that mile-and-an-eighth test the best in the West annually cross the Rockies and head for Kentucky.

Tumble Wind's latest victory came in last week's San Vicente, when he beat five colts at seven furlongs in the decent time of 1:22½. After letting Rising Market and Disciplinarian cut out the early fractions of 22½ and 45½, Willie Shoemaker circled the front-runners on the turn for home and won drawing away by a length and a quarter over Rising Market, with Disciplinarian a neck behind. It was an excellent race for Tumble Wind, who in his previous start had been beaten seven lengths in the slop by Disciplinarian.

If Tumble Wind stands at the head of the class in the West, there is little to choose among those just behind him. Rising Market (by To Market out of a War Admiral mare) seems to have a future, and Trainer Ted Saladin is equally enthusiastic about the chances of Rising Market's stablemate, a \$12,500 refugee from the claiming ranks named Serve Notice. We now know that Wheatley Stable's Disciplinarian loves the slop, and any son of Bold Ruler trained by Eddie Neloy is definitely worth watching, even if he won only four of 10 races last year. Another Neloy charge at Santa Anita is Top Bid, a son of Olympian with a dismal 2-for-10 record in 1966. The day before the San Vicente, going off at 25 to 1, Top Bid listed at a mile-and-a-halfteenth to beat seven rivals in 1:42½. One of the beaten colts was War Emperor, who had won all three of his previous races. War Emperor finished dead heat with no apparent excuse. It may be

that this son of Native Dancer does not like to go beyond a sprint. The best horse in that race probably was Dr. Isby—a tough and useful colt like his sire, Clem—who closed fastest of all and was beaten by only half a length after nearly bolting on the turn for home.

One of the reasons for the thin crop of California-based 3-year-olds is that many colts who started the meeting as maidens haven't lived up to expectations. Another is that such potentially good runners as Ruken, Fight or Flight and Sand Devil seem to have levelled off as second-stringers. The dark horse of the crop is Bob Hibbert's Gan Tour. The male division is so weak that it would be no surprise to see one or both of the two best fillies on the grounds—Mira Femme and Fish House—take on the colts in the local Derby. The only filly in a field of 17, Mira Femme crushed the colts by nearly five lengths in the California Breeders' Champion Stakes last Dec. 31. And Fish House's owner, C. V. Whitney, would hardly back off from tackling colts with a qualified filly. In 1959 his Bug Brush set a world record of 1:46½ for a mile and an eighth while beating Hillsdale and Terrang in the San Antonio Handicap. A few weeks later his Silver Spoon beat nine colts, including the eventual Preakness winner Royal Orbit, in the Santa Anita Derby.

It is possible that this is one of those years when winter racing is not the true indicator of Triple Crown form. Some who start late may last longer. One candidate not to be forgotten is Mrs. Edith Bancroft's Damascus, who is wintering away from the races in Aiken, S.C., with Trainer Frank Whitley. Winner of the Remsen at Aqueduct last Nov. 30, Damascus is a son of former Horse of the Year Swood Dancer out of the My Bahu mare Kerala. He has won three of his four races, all of them under Willie Shoemaker. And, if anyone cares, Willie has never told anyone that he will not go right on riding Damascus in 1967. **END**



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That's why it is disturbing to find people of influence in America today who would like to make both free competition and free choice a little less free.

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Yet, our system was built on exactly the opposite kind of thinking. Regulation doesn't stimulate competition. It tends to make all products the same.

How much can you interfere with the competitive economy, which has brought us so many benefits, without damaging it?

The truth is, nobody knows. The "Little" fixes may someday add up to quite a lot.

Of course, any economy needs some regulation—but let's be sure that we don't throw out the baby with the bath water.

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Every day at 4 p.m. sharp, old John Pappajohn, the shoemaker who helps run the shop down on Fourth Street near South New in Bethlehem, Pa., shuts off his burnishing machine and wipes the tiny flecks of rubber from his white hair and spectacles. Then, slugging into an old green-and-black-checked parka, he crams his pockets full of York's Mint Patties, Hershey bars and Life Savers, and hoofs it up the hill to feed the wrestlers at Lehigh University. At practice Pappajohn invariably finds a few of the boys in the steam room, sweating off a pound or two he helped them put on. But nobody is worried. After about 30 years of pampering some of the best wrestlers in the country old Pappajohn and his bulging pockets have become fixtures at Lehigh.

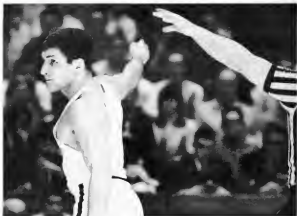
This year Pappajohn is more than ordinarily proud. His team is one of the best ever at Bethlehem. Lehigh has stretched its unbeaten streak in dual meets to 12 and, had Michigan State not defeated Oklahoma and tied Oklahoma State, the Engineers would be alone at the top. "It's just too bad," says Pappajohn and a host of Lehigh followers, "that we don't meet Michigan State this year."

The Engineers firmly established themselves as the best in the East two weeks ago by beating a good Navy team that had won 15 in a row. Last week Lehigh took Army 25-8 at West Point and, except for the traditional finale with Penn State, should cruise with ease into the national competition this March.

The big man in Lehigh's success for the last three years has been little Mike Caruso, twice national champion in the 123-pound division and now unbeaten in 38 consecutive bouts. In the victory over Navy—Lehigh's biggest since the Engineers upset endlessly top-ranked Iowa State on Jan. 13—it was Caruso, a step up in the 130-pound division, who set the tone for the evening.

With the teams deadlocked 2-2, Caruso scored a spectacular 22-4 decision over Steve Comiskey, dominating his man even more than the score indicates. Accomplished in full view of the rest of Lehigh's powerful lightweights, Caruso's momentum spilled over into the next three matches, which Lehigh won in succession. With the score 14-2 after the first five bouts, the outcome of the meet was never in doubt.

"He got us going," said Lehigh Coach



Little Mike Caruso (above) was born to wrestle and Pappajohn was born to root. The two are having themselves a big year at Lehigh

Mighty Mouse leads the way

Gerry Leeman afterward, "just like he always does."

Leeman, a stocky, crew-cut man of 44, who exudes a vague aura of winter-green—it comes from the Skolax snuff he likes to curl under his lip—knows good wrestling. As a 128-pounder at State College of Iowa he never lost a match under college rules and went on to win a silver medal in the 1948 Olympics. The second wrestling coach to be hired at Lehigh since 1911—the late Billy Sheridan brought him in as an assistant in 1950—Leeman has lost only 25 of 165 meets in his 15 years as head coach, with six of his wrestlers capturing eight NCAA titles. For all of this, he cannot stop talking about Caruso.

"I've always felt that everybody is born to do something," says Leeman, "but too often a lot of us never really find out what that something is. In

Mike's case it's simple. He was born to wrestle."

Mike Caruso's teammates liken him to Superman, and when he struts around the periphery of the mat, filling his lungs with huge breaths of air and flexing his muscles, the comparison does seem apt. His brown-and-white leggings, however, tend to give him a Mighty Mouse air. A 20-year-old who fought his way out of the Clifton Avenue section of Newark's rough North Side, Caruso bursts with so much confidence that many of his opponents are intimidated before they ever get to the mat with him. Last December, when Lehigh traveled to Syracuse, Mike happened to be in the steam room shortly before the weigh-in. A Syracuse wrestler was there, too.

"Where are you wrestling today?" he asked Mike. "123?"

"Nah, 130."

continued

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WRESTLING continued

A few hours later Caruso won the 130-pound match—by forfeit.

There are those experts who have watched Caruso perform—observing closely his fantastic balance, agility, speed and stamina—who believe he is one of the very best in the history of the 123-pound division. And Leeman still shudders every time he recalls how close he came to watching Caruso at Navy or Syracuse instead of at Lehigh.

"Just before he was to graduate from high school, Mike visited our campus," says Leeman, "and frankly, he couldn't have been more uninterested. There were a lot of other schools that were hot after him, and they were in a position to offer him much more financial aid than we were. But he happened to come down to Maryland that spring and watch us in the Easterns, which we lost. All of a sudden he came rushing up to me and said, 'Mr. Leeman, I'm coming.' I said fine, but I told him I really didn't think he could get into Lehigh. It was awfully late in the year and the admissions office was swamped with applications. So you know what he did? He started calling the admissions office every day—every day—telling the dean how badly he wanted to come to Lehigh and why they should let him in. Well, I guess they just got tired of answering the phone."

Why Lehigh? "That day they lost at Maryland," says Mike, his brown eyes sparkling. "They lost like champions. There was something about the way they handled themselves, I sensed exactly what, but I just knew I wanted to be a part of it."

Whatever "it" is, the consensus is that Leeman is the man responsible. Certainly Pappajohn thinks so, and he feels he knows Gerry Leeman pretty well. "That Mr. Leeman, he is a very special man," says Pappajohn. "I never forget one time, eight, nine year ago, when he came to get a shoeshine. 'You no look so good, Pappajohn,' he says to me. I say no, things is bad. My daughter is very sick in the hospital and need blood transfusions. You know what he do? He not even let me finish his shoe before he go over to the phone, and he call up the captain of his team. Before the day is through, every single one of his boys is down at the hospital, giving blood so's my daughter can have her transfusions. No, I can never forget that man."

Leeman's wrestlers say that somehow he makes them feel like winners, that

when they go out on the mat in Grace Hall—an arena hoary with wrestling tradition—they know they cannot let down. He treats them as individuals, they say. There are no favorites, and all he expects is the best they have to give.

"They know they've got to be awfully good just to be out there," says Leeman.

That might be so, but if tension is a barometer of confidence, the reading was stormy as his wrestlers got ready for Navy. Leeman himself was a confetti of tortured nerves hidden beneath a calm, coachy exterior. "Sure, I enjoy this," Leeman fairly croaked as he almost pried the expansion band from his watch. "It's building up to combat."

Just before the matches were to begin, Jon Rushatz, a 167-pounder and second only to Mike Caruso as the team's tension-dispeller, peeked through a door at the Navy team. "See?" he said, "they're overrated and they know it. Just watch us tonight. We're gonna chew 'em up." And in packed Grace Hall, where 4,000 people watched downstairs and another 700 on closed-circuit TV upstairs, Lehigh indeed chewed them up.

Midway through the evening, in the number-conscious way of partners these days, the Lehigh people began chanting, "We're No. 1! We're No. 1!" Up from, in row 1, seat 1, taking it all in quietly with his legs crossed and arms folded, little Pappajohn could not have agreed with them more.

END



RAP PAPPAGJOHN WATCHES NAVY LOSS



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Diving for Wolves in Ice Water

By Bil Gilbert

That may sound mad, but then Beaver Island on Lake Michigan has a mad history, including a brief period of domination by a Mormon 'king.' Today the island is a pleasant summer resort, but when winter comes Arctic winds gnarl trees and the temperature plummets far below zero. It was in such weather that the author visited Beaver to join in a wolf hunt, during which one of the hunters added a new chapter to the island's history

CONTINUED

Wolf Diving continued

On Beaver Island a hundred years ago red-bearded Jimmy Strang was crowned king. He was a real king with an army, a harem and an angel for a first minister, the *de facto* sovereign of a considerable chunk of northern Michigan, the first province of the empire of Michilimackinac. On Beaver Island there has been regicide, genocide, arson and murder. Feodor Protas, physician, editor, naturalist, philosopher, and perhaps also a royal fugitive from the czarist police, lived 32 years on Beaver Island and lies buried under the pines. Whatever he was, he is remembered on the island as a saint. Few czarist nobles, real or fraudulent, are so memorialized. Fifty years ago, along Paradise Bay on Beaver Island, wild horses raced on St. Paddy's Day, and the beasts were cheered in Gaelic. And only yesterday on Beaver Island, with the temperature at 10° below zero, the wind driving out of the northwest from the Porcupine Mountains, a hunter went diving in icy water for a wolf.

The Beaver Archipelago is a chain of 13 islands casually scattered across northern Lake Michigan. The archipelago lies 25 miles northwest of Charlevoix—an aggressively touristy, skilish, summer-cottages town on Michigan's lower peninsula—and 50 miles south of the Straits of Mackinac. Some of the islands are little more than overgrown sandbars, but others—Squaw, High, Haz, Garden, Hog, Gull, Trout and Whiskey—are considerable. The largest in the chain, and the largest island in Lake Michigan, is Big Beaver, some 13 miles long and six wide.

Big Beaver rises out of the water like a rough, elongated bull's-eye. First there is the field of the blue lake, then a ring of white surf, another of silvery dune beach and then the center of the island, dark green and heavily forested. At the north end of the island is the kidney-shaped bay called Paradise, said by sailing folk to be one of the suggest anchorage in the Great Lakes. Along the Paradise Bay



shore is the only permanent settlement of the Beaver Archipelago. This village is called St. James, named for the old Mormon king, James Jesse Strang.

Jesse Strang was quite a boy. Born in New York and admitted to the bar at 23, he dabbled in a variety of careers—schoolteacher, newspaper editor, politician and temperance lecturer—before moving west, where he came into contact with the new religion, Mormonism. He met Joseph Smith, founder and prophet of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in Nauvoo, Ill., who was impressed with Strang. When Smith was murdered soon after, Strang was one of four ambitious young converts who claimed succession, but Brigham Young—by then a leader of the movement—excommunicated him.

In 1847, at the age of 34, Strang and a small following settled on Beaver Island, and within seven years almost the entire population of the island was Mormon. Strang took five wives and declared himself king. Poorer Mormons, who could not afford more than one wife, became jealous. In June of 1856 two men whom Strang had severely punished shot the king in the head. Within hours of his death, a mob of unbelievers from Mackinac swept the island and gave the 2,600 Mormon residents 24 hours to leave. They did, and Strang's cult died.

People—Ojibways, French and Irish as well as Mormons—have thought well enough of Big Beaver to have lived there for many centuries. The charm of island life aside, the principal attraction of the Beavers has been that the entire archipelago is a bank rising above the floor of Lake Michigan, the lower elevations of which are underwater and covered (or were until 20 years ago) with great schools of lake trout and whitefish. The last group who came to exploit these fish were the Irish, and after a century they still very much dominate Big Beaver.

For many years the community was self-sufficient, isolated culturally as well as geographically, and it had a minimum interest in mainland affairs. Gaelic was commonly spoken, and English was spoken with a rich brogue. The clans, Gallaghers, McDonoughs, Gillespies, La Frenieres (a French-Canadian lumberjack walked across the ice one winter to the island and stayed), intermarried, and some islanders lived and died without ever leaving the archipelago.

This pattern of life was abruptly ended by the eels. In the early 1940s the lamprey eel slunk into the Great Lakes with devastating results. At the end of World War II the catch of trout and whitefish was some 22 million pounds. A decade later it was less than three million because of lamprey predation. The commercial-fishing industry in the lakes and the economy of Beaver Island were destroyed. As a result, many of the younger islanders were forced to

emigrate to the mainland. Those who remained after a few very lean years discovered that, as a replacement for fish, tourists could be profitably hauled in from the water.

Beaver Islanders always have been clannish, but they never had been hostile to mainlanders. It was simply that, while they had the fish, they had no particular reason to make it easy for visitors to get to the Beavers or to entertain them once they arrived. The eels changed all this. Now there is a new ferryboat that, in good weather, makes the run from Charlevoix to St. James in a choppy two hours. There are five hotel-motel combinations on the island and four public eateries. Yacht facilities are available in Paradise Bay. Despite these changes, Beaver Islanders have lost neither their island, nor their heads, as have tourist-oriented citizens throughout most of Michigan's Water Wonderland. Tourist facilities are confined to the immediate vicinity of St. James. Pileated woodpeckers remain; neon-breasted knotty-pine cocktail lounges have not become established along the sandy island lanes. Lacking the conventional resort entertainment, the island is a better than average resort.

Archie La Freniere, who owns Big Beaver's principal social center, The Shamrock Bar, is a fairly typical modern Beaver Island entrepreneur, operating in a mixed-tourist economy. In addition to The Shamrock, Archie has a piece of the ferryboat and a string of tourist cabins. In the right season and mood he will make arrangements and serve as guide for bass fishermen and deer, rabbit and pot hunters.

Above and beyond his multiple enterprises, Archie La Freniere is distinguished by the high Irish style about him. Despite the name, this is not surprising, since the La Frenieres have been on the island most of this century soaking up Irishness by marriage and association. For example, Archie brakes his snowmobile to a slewing halt behind a windrow of Lake Michigan ice. He scrubs the frozen snow from his bushy eyebrows with a big flourish, throws open his greatcoat and from the inside pocket takes a pint of rye. "My friends," croaks Archie in a very cold-weather voice, "no matter what the circumstances, a man's first duty is to keep up his strength." So croaking, he throws away the cap and passes the bottle to the first set of eager, if frigid, hands. It is a grand gesture.

Therefore if an invitation comes from Archie La Freniere to hunt Michigan wolves with him it is accepted with the certainty that the sport will be stylish and something better than the average. Furthermore, such an enterprise, of necessity, involves a trip to Beaver Island in the winter, which in many ways is the best season to be there. The cash-tourist erop has been harvested, there are no yachts in Paradise

continued

Wolf Diving continued

Bay, no campers in the woods, no girls in shorts scissoring around the island on bicycles.

Winter in the Beavers is real and earnest. Big cakes of ice form on Lake Michigan, piling up against the shore. They pin the ferry against its Charlevoix jetty, putting an end to all surface travel to and from the island. It snows day after day, laying down a permanent 20-to-25-inch cover in the flat and drifts taller than a man. It is cold, the temperature hanging well under the freezing point most of the winter and making periodic thrusts down to the 10-to-20-below, even 25 below, mark. Then there is the wind. Since there is nothing much but water and ice between the island and the place where northwest winds are brewed, the wind screams and tears constantly at the exposed settlement. It warps trees, throws up the ice in jagged ridges, sculpts the snowdrifts into tortured shapes and savagely assaults windows, doors, roofs and sheds, as well as noses, eyeballs and other exposed flesh.

There are only about a hundred adults permanently living there, and the one link between the icebound island and Charlevoix, the closest mainland point, is a frail-looking Cessna 195 of the McPhillips Flying Service. Joe McPhillips, a big, graying man, has the typical bloodcurdling bedside manner of a bush pilot.

"I sure would like to get out to the island today," he said. "I got their mail and some grub. It's not the wind so much, it's those snow flurries. I went up this morning, got a few miles away and just lost the island. One of those squalls."

On the following day, not only can't McPhillips find Beaver Island, the Beaver Islanders are having trouble finding their own landing strip.

"I had Dick La Freniere on the radio," McPhillips said. "The wind has come up a little. It's drifting some. They got a truck with a blade. If they can make just a couple swipes at the strip we can slip in and out, but they can't get the truck out. But the weather's bound to break."

Eventually it does. "Dick says the truck's on its way out. We got a good couple miles' visibility. There's no big rush, but I'd like to get out in a half an hour. There's a squall coming from the west, and I hate to get pinned down there. We'll make a quickie."

We do. McPhillips lights down on the white plain that is rumored to be the Beaver Island airstrip. The two operators of the snowplow, who kept operating until McPhillips was virtually on top of them, grab the tail of the plane to keep it from bouncing around in the wind. Dick La Freniere rips open the door of the plane and begins throwing cargo into his pickup. McPhillips never leaves the cockpit nor shuts off his motor. In five minutes he is again airborne, just beating a very visible snow squall which is fast approach-

ing from the west. If nothing else, travelers who are vexed by slow baggage removal at larger terminals should appreciate the service on Beaver Island.

Among other functions, Dick La Freniere, Archie's brother, keeps a general store, maintains radio contact with the mainland, gives weather reports, is the airtail and airfreight man and owns one of the three snowmobiles on the island. Archie has one of the others.

"Too early in the day for you?" Dick asks hospitably, indicating the glove compartment of the pickup in which is stowed the traditional antiwinter remedy. "I'm going to drop this mail off first, but you go on over to Archie's. That hunter flew in this morning from Harbor Springs with his dogs, just before you. They're all over there. You can't miss them."

You couldn't. A considerable crowd, about 25% of the adult-male population of the island, had gathered in front of and inside The Shamrock Bar, which was the GHQ for coyote hunting. During the winter, given the slow pace of events and the exuberant nature of the islanders, almost any less-than-routine event, from a frozen nose to a McPhillips landing, will collect a crowd. However, the best draw is a coyote hunt, even the preliminaries thereof. It takes a lot of people and preparation to stand any chance of laying a Michigan wolf by its heels. Only once or twice a season do the islanders get themselves sufficiently organized for such a chase, and the getting ready creates as much commotion as would the coming of the Royal Ballet or the Harlem Globe Trotters in another community.

Most of the fuss is caused by the nature of the quarry, *Canis latrans*, or coyote, for essentially that is what the Michigan wolf is. The designation of this animal as a wolf is not as pretentious as it might seem. Despite the differences in their images (the slinky coyote and the ferocious wolf), coyotes and wolves belong to the same genus and taxonomically are more closely related than, for example, are red and gray foxes. Being rarer and larger, the wolf makes a more spectacular trophy, but objective hunters claim that, given the disparity in numbers, the coyote is the harder to hunt.

Coyotes can catch all manner of game, from hefties to bucks, and have adapted to varied habitats—mountaintops, prairies, woodlands, swamps, dunes, deserts, tropical and arctic climates—in many of which the average wolf would only be found dead. The coyote is swifter than the wolf, being able to cruise tirelessly at 25 mph (which is about top speed for a wolf), and capable of short 40-mph bursts. Being lighter, the coyote is more agile than the wolf and has developed a bag of evasive tricks that its larger cousin disdains, tending to rely on sheer straight-ahead power. Finally, though smaller than a wolf, the eastern woodland

continued



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Wolf Diving *continued*

coyote (the largest subspecies of *C. latrans*) will weigh up to 70 pounds and is no coward. Anything that succeeds in cornering one—say, a hunting dog—will get about as much as it wants in the way of fang-to-fang combat.

The Beaver Islanders have the enthusiasm and the guns for hunting coyotes, but they lack the critical resource, a first-class coyote man with first-class coyote dogs. This is no indictment of the islanders, almost all of whom are hunters and, by normal standards, good ones. The fact is that there are perhaps no more than a dozen men with enough time, patience and desire to have become proficient coyote hunters in the tall-timber section of that animal's range. Among these it is reckoned throughout Michigan that a fur dealer and trapper named Chambers is the most dreadful coyote bane in the north woods. It was thus Chambers who, at the invitation of Archie La Freniere, had flown into Beaver Island that morning, and who stood at the far edge of the Shamrock crowd keeping an uneasy eye on the jeep in which his four leashed dogs sat.

"Chambers is the best, even if he is an old man," announced Archie, who has traded dogs, hunts and insults with the mainlanders for some years.

"Hell, Arch," Chambers grinned. "I'll still leave you eating my dust."

"You have never, never, my friend, seen a man go through the woods like this bird," Archie continued, pointing to Chambers. "Furthermore, he thinks like a coyote."

At first meeting, Chambers did not appear as imposing as his reputation, being a small, grazed man, well past the first flush of youth. He had a high, piping voice and a diffident manner, tending to defer to others, except in matters that concerned coyotes.

"Arch is maybe right," Chambers said mildly. "I'm getting old. My back is killing me. I've had it in a brace. I can't go like I used to, but I still like to try. I been hunting since I was a little fellow. Everything. But there is nothing like these coyotes. Deer? I'd as soon shoot a cow. Bear, cats, you run them a mile or so and they go up a tree or in a hole. But these old coyotes, they give you something worth hunting."

"Plus the \$25 bounty," needed a cynic.

Chambers' high voice rose a note. "They say I'm a bounty hunter, but I'll tell you something. For every coyote I get it costs me about \$100, figuring gas, dogs, time, whatnot. I'll tell you something else. I might just take care of every coyote in lower Michigan—I got the equipment for it. But I ration them. What the hell would I do winters if I couldn't hunt coyotes? I go after them and I generally get them, but I don't hate those animals. I got too much respect for them."

Chambers turned to Archie La Freniere. "Arch, you guys got nothing to do but bull. I got those dogs to take care of."

"Nothing to do?" Archie's bushy eyebrows shot up toward the ceiling of The Shamrock. "We came to hunt coyotes. We get my snowmobile warmed up and we'll take off. What'd you come for, Chambers?"

"Not today you ain't going to hunt coyotes," Chambers said adamantly. "It'll be midafternoon before you get started. Tracks are going to be eight, ten hours old, that is, even if you find any ain't been blown out by this wind. Arch, this is a terrible place to hunt. That wind is just terrible. Now, where am I supposed to put my dogs?"

"Out here we'll see what kind of a hunter you are, Chambers. Put 'em in the garage where we keep the road truck."

Of the four dogs that Chambers brought with him, the most striking, if not the most handsome, was an animal called Bruiser, a July hound, a strain much favored by country

continued



Wolf Diving continued

hunters. July hounds are long-legged creatures, with nose, size and stomach enough to tangle with anything from a raccoon to a bear. Bruiser stood about as high as a small pony and was, Chambers touted, "the only dog I got or anybody else has got that'll wade in and finish off a coyote alone every time. If he gets up to one, he doesn't miss."

Five days before, on a hunt near Cheboygan, Bruiser had not missed but apparently had been pushed hard by a coyote. From the encounter he carried deep, dangerous-looking wounds on his throat, which was swollen, feverish and embroidered with surgical stitches.

"How's it feel, Bruise? You coming along, boy?" Chambers crooned to the big, battered dog, who whimpered but did not resist as his master pushed two antibiotic capsules down his throat.

"I can't take Bruise out here, not the way he is," Chambers said, studying the dog worriedly. "He won't quit, and if he comes up to a big one he'll get all those stitches tore out. I shouldn't even have brought him, but I just don't feel right going off to hunt and leaving Bruise home."

If Chambers could not bear to go hunting without Bruiser, it seemed likely from the way he carried on about a second dog in the pack that he could not eat or sleep properly without her. This was Rosie, who, in comparison with Bruiser, was lip-size, being not quite twice as large as a beagle. But the little bitch had a bright look about her and, according to Chambers, the best nose of any dog he has owned in 35 years. "Rosie ain't so fast," he said. "She's not a big fighter like Bruise, though she'll help him out, but a coyote just can't lay a trail Rosie can't figure out."

During the time it took to quarter the dogs, the Shamrock Bar crowd, despite Chambers' lack of enthusiasm, was ready to go hunting. As the hunter predicted, nobody, in what remained of the day, got even a glimpse of a coyote, but everyone worked off a certain amount of energy by taking turns comfying around Beaver Island on the snowmobiles. The snowmobilers picked up two clearly defined coyote trails, but neither impressed Chambers. "Cold. A day old. Dead," he dismissed the tracks, indicating the congealed lumps of snow around the print.

One of the dead trails headed out across the open lake ice in a northwesterly direction from the island. "Ice is thin out there, shifting in the wind," contributed an unnaturally cautious island hunter. "Might lose a snowmobile if we tried that one. Or me."

Chambers set him straight quickly, chillingly. "If I turn my dogs loose, we go with them, wherever they go. I don't care if we swim. I don't care what happens to those snow-

mobiles. I don't care if we run to Manistique [an Upper Peninsula town 50 miles across the theoretically frozen lake]. I finish what my dogs start."

Despite this outburst, Chambers in general showed considerable disinterest in the first day's proceedings. Early in the evening, as some of the gayer hunters were getting nicely started on a long social night, Chambers went to bed. The next morning, however, his attitude had changed completely, like a veteran athlete who leaves the practice field to rookies but is ready on game day. Chambers was awake at dawn, rousing his sluggish crew. "You're not going to get a coyote in that sack. Let's get."

As he always seemed to be, in coyote matters Chambers was right. Under a sun that looked as pale and felt as warm as orange sherbet, with the thermometer standing at 12° below zero and in a wind blowing at a moderate 20 mph, the Michigan wolf hunters assembled. They left Paradise Bay in two pickups and a jeep, which were loaded with the snowmobiles, snowshoes, guns and the three working dogs. Three miles out of St. James, following the vaguely plowed road to the airstrip, Chambers spotted a track crossing the highway from east to west. The trail was live and made by a coyote.

"Maybe an hour or so ago," Chambers allowed after studying the print marks. "That's a big he. He's sinking in, probably got his belly full last night, heading into the swamp to lay up."

The dogs were brought out, Rosie first. The old bitch put her nose down to the trail, almost negligently, gave a short commanding yip and started into the underbrush. The two youngsters were unleashed and followed, soon overtaking Rosie. Since there is no command that will halt or bring back a working coyote dog, the hunt was irrevocably on, to run perhaps to Manistique.

The main road, from which the dogs started, is called King's Highway and roughly bisects the island on the long north-south axis. From the sound of the pursuing dogs, the coyote was apparently running south through the timber, parallel to this road. As far as the airport, the chase could be made by truck and jeep.

"Listen to that Rosie sing," Chambers said, standing with his head cocked, taking aural bearings. "They got that gentleman on his feet and moving. I don't know this country so well, but I'll bet you a penny he's making for that little ridge where the snow is maybe not quite so deep. He's going to cut back over this road and head for the ice."

Beyond the airstrip no attempt at plowing had been made. The vehicles were abandoned, the going became harder and the hunt began to straggle. The heavier and hung-over members dropped off to take stands, hoping the

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Wolf Diving continued

coyote might conveniently double back past them. Finally there remained only Chambers and two companions standing on snowshoes, studying the very fresh tracks of a coyote and three dogs.

"Those dogs were only a couple hundred yards behind here," Chambers piped excitedly, studying the fresh, confused trail. "He's not trying any tricks at all, just making for that ice. Without Bruise, those young dogs mightn't be able to hold him out there. We better move out, boys."

Archie La Freniere had said, "Nobody goes in the woods like Chambers," and he was right. Chambers trotted effortlessly through the brush on a pair of bear-paw snowshoes at about the pace of a cross-country runner. Every now and then he would jump straight up in the air. It was a movement like that of a sight-hunting dog, made for the same reason—to give a better view of the land ahead. To see Chambers running through the woods on snowshoes is to see a man doing something superbly well, something in the category of watching a center fielder go high against a fence for a liner, or a flanker back faking a safety man. Unfortunately, Chambers' feat could not be admired in the same contemplative way since it was so difficult to keep him in sight. The two men behind were both 10 years the hunter's junior, and both had a certain pride in their ability to go on snowshoes. Soon they realized they could not afford pride and were simply thankful they had not encountered Chambers when his back was well. At first the younger men struggled to keep up. Then they began to labor in real agony. Sweat (a sweat worked up at 10° below zero is a real sweat) and flaring pinwheels were in their eyes. They got onto the open ice 50 yards behind Chambers but, luckily, in time for a sight that temporarily compensated for both exhaustion and the humiliation of being so exhausted. Half a mile to the north the Michigan wolf, just as Chambers predicted, broke out of the bush onto the lake. Seconds behind came the dogs—first the young runners, then steady Rosie. The coyote moved straight out across the lake, and as he hit the hard surface he began to increase his lead. He might have gone free except for a freak in the ice formation. Because of some wind or current pattern, there was an open patch of water half a mile offshore, directly in front of the coyote but hidden by a high windrow of jumbled ice cakes. A promontory of solid ice jutted into this water. Unknowingly, pinched between the singing dogs and the sprinting men, the coyote was driven into this cul-de-sac.

So, on an outcropping of ice with the dogs behind him and with the deep water ahead, the coyote came to the end of his run. For a nonhunter, or at least nonkiller, it seemed that despite being so cornered honors still lay with the

quarry. From beginning to end it had taken two pickup trucks, a jeep, two snowmobiles, 12 hunters and three dogs to run it down. However, such notions of gallantry and fair play are, of course, anthropomorphic twaddle. Every animal—ourselves included—will struggle as long as we can and as best we can to survive, and no animal has ever been finally successful in this effort. Had the coyote not been cornered on the ice peninsula, he might one day have lain mangy and feeble, being eaten away by internal parasites, or run choking through the woods, crazed with hydrophobia. Classifying death as good, bad or indifferent is ridiculous. There is just death, which very shortly the coyote met and which sooner or later the three dogs and three men would meet in places no better than a crag of ice.

At the very end of the finger of ice the coyote turned and launched a slashing counterattack at the dogs, trying to break between them. Because of the confusion, Chambers, naturally the first of the men to arrive, could not shoot into the brawling animals. Quite suddenly the coyote either was shoved or in desperation jumped into the water. The underrow created by the waves beating against the shelf of ice began to suck the struggling animal farther into the lake.

In other circumstances—say, had a bounty hunter, a predator controller or a sportsman been in pursuit—the matter would have ended there. This was Lake Michigan of the Great Lakes, not a reedy pond. The temperature was still below zero. There was that wind whipping the water against the ice, throwing up a surf that froze solid when it touched down on the ice, on the dogs and men. But it must be absolutely understood that this Chambers is a hunter, in the very old sense of the word. "Goddam it, my dogs done their part," he said. "It's time for me to do mine." So stating, the hunter dived into Lake Michigan and grabbed the far-from-defunct coyote by the throat.

"Take him! Take him!" Chambers screamed, offering to throw the snapping, snarling animal to the second man who had arrived on the point of blue ice.

"Chambers, that thing is going to bite my arm off."

While treading water in full arctic gear, avoiding the jaws, Chambers dunked the wolf until it was unconscious. Then, contemptuously, he threw the carcass up onto the ice. After the coyote (a 50-pound dog) was dispatched, Chambers, his pants and jacket frozen as stiff as iron, slipped on his snowshoes and trotted back toward the trucks, apparently well satisfied with himself and the morning's work.

That is the way, or at least one way, to hunt Michigan wolves. If you don't believe it, go down to Beaver Island and see for yourself. **END**



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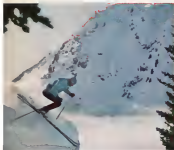
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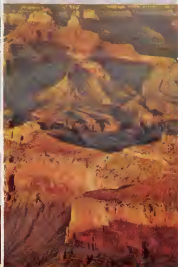
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—**NBA** **PHILADELPHIA** (30-30) lost another half game of its Eastern Division lead as the 76ers won three of five, while **BOSTON** (33-34) took three of four. The Celtics now 5½ games behind—lost: **Washington** Denver leader San Francisco 137-136 in double overtime while **Tom Sanders** topped an exhausted with 15 seconds left, and two days later edged the **Miami** 111-112. **NEW YORK** (31-32) opened the week with a first, but came back to win three games, by a total of seven points, and lowered three games ahead of the **Knicks** in the battle for third place. **CINCINNATI** (26-33), which won two and lost three, edged a five-game losing streak by beating the **Pacers** twice in a row, while last-place **BALTIMORE** (14-48) closed out a slumping 3-7 week by defeating host **Celtics** and **Miami**. In the West, **SAN ANTONIO** (24-26) lost four games in a row. **Miami** yet, the **Warriors** lost Center **Norm** Thummond, possible for the rest of the season, when he broke two bones in his left hand during a scramble for a loose ball in the game against the **Celtics**. **San Francisco** **ST. LOUIS** (29-32) won three of four and clinched to finish 6½ games of the **Warriors**, while the **LOS ANGELES** (26-34), in third, also won three of four. **DETROIT** (26-37) split four games, and last-place **CHICAGO** (24-42) dropped five in a row.

BOWLING—**ERWIN** **THALER** and **REINHOLD** **DUNTERHALER** of Austria won the world two-man title in **Alpe d'Huez**, site of next year's Olympic bobsled events (over 195). Because of the treacherous conditions of the run, the four-man championships were canceled.

BOWLING—**TIM** **KARAHAN**, 20, a relative unknown from **Evans**, Calif., started the last day of competition in fifth place, then won six consecutive match games from established stars **Sam** **St. John**, **Al Thompson**, **Dick Weber** and **Bill Hardwick** to win the \$75,000 **First Open** in **Ovenden**, Pa., **Kans.**

FIGURE SKATING—An expected, world champion **PETER** **PLUM** of **Colorado Springs** won the **Isle de France** at the **North American** championships in **Montreal** in the men's event, however, **DONALD** **KNIGHT**, 19, of **Danville**, Ohio, edged the two-time **American**—**Stuart Allen** of **Southern New Jersey** and U.S. Champion **Gary Vincent** of **Detroit**. A pair of **University of Washington** students, **KORNA DYER** and **JOHN CARROLL**, won the dance title, while **CYNTHIA** and **RONALD KALFMAN** of **Seattle** took the pairs championship.

GOLF—**JULIUS** **BOROS**, three strokes behind after three rounds, shot a 67 for a 272 total to win the \$148,000 **Wendell** trophy in the \$75,000 **Phoenix Open** by one stroke over **Ken Siefel**.

HOCKEY—**NHL** **CHICAGO** (33-33) won twice, tied once and skated an unbeaten streak to 14 games and its lead to 14 points. **Bobby Hull** netted in five goals, including three in a 4-0 win over the **Maple Leafs**, while **Dennis DeRose** scored 30 goals as he blazed the **Canadiens** 3-0 for his second consecutive straight. **Flourishing** **NEW YORK** (23-49) lost two, tied one, making a streak deficit in 12 games and **MONTREAL** (21-50), 1-1 for the week, moved to within 10 points of the **Rangers**. **DETROIT** (21-53), with two wins, one loss, skated past **TORONTO** (18-54) into fourth place as **Norm Ullman** scored three goals in a 3-2 win over the **Maple Leafs**. The loss was the 10th in a row for the **Leafs**, the longest losing streak in the **NHL** since 1967. But the string broke ended when the **Maple Leafs** tied the **Hawks** and beat the **Braves** 2-1 in the **Wings** for fourth. Last-place **BOSTON** (13-57) skated a run of five straight losses with a 2-1 victory over the **Rangers**, then lost its next two games.

HORSE RACING—**TORQUILLO** (528) took the \$17,500 **Big Screen** at **Belmont** and the **Derby** and a race marred by a terrific three-horse collision. **Eisenhower**, a three-year-old colt sired to **Mr. Paul D. Jacobs**, sustained a broken shoulder and had to be destroyed, while **Jockey** **Brashe** **Barr**, last year's leading money winner, and **Larry Adams** suffered broken collars.

HOOPS—**Walt** **MARILLIE** **GOTSCHKE** was named both the **Indoor** and **Outdoor** **Player** of the Year. **GEORGE** **MAUDUIT** took the men's **World** shot, and **ISABELLE** **MIR** the ladies' downhill. **France** won the **Alpine Cup** in **Bad Gastein**, Austria. The **French** team scored 254.75 points, while runner-up **Austria** had 273.43.

SANDY **SHULTZ** **WORTH** of **Boston**, **Mass.** won the women's combined event at the **Derby** and **JIMMY** **HUGA** of **Tahoe City, Calif.** edged the men's combined championship and the slalom at the **Rocky** **Cap** in **Aspen, Colo.** **GO**—**Wendy** **SUZY** **CHAFFET** of **Portland, Ore.** is the giant slalom. **PENNY** **MCROY** of **Bozeman, Calif.** is the slalom, and **PETER** **ACHAR** and **GRACE** **CHAVANGA**, both of **Switzerland**, are the downhill and giant slalom.

SPED SKATING—For the second year in a row **Dutch** skaters finished one-two in the world championships as **KIESA** **VERKERKE**, a 24-year-old **hurdler**, gained the overall title at **Glen** with a record low score of 178.058 points. Followed by **Art Scheraga**, with 178.333. Individual winners: **Eric Verkerke** in the 5,000 and 10,000 meters, **Scheraga** in the 1,500 and **Keesa Verkerke** of **Japan** in the 500.

TRACK & FIELD—**ABBY** **HOFFMAN** of **Canada** won a special women's 800-yard race at the **Los Angeles Times** meet (**Janet** 275, **Ann** 280) on a track of **Mary** **Ward** at 2:11.4, and **Australia's** **ROBYN CLARKE** easily won the two-mile race in 8:41.8. On his final move the right at a meet in **Dallas**, **RANDY** **MATSON** crossed his own world outdoor steeplechase record by 1/16 of an inch and the indoor track by 2 1/2". **Walt** **Ward** of **USA** won the 3,000-meter throw, however, will be counted as a record—either indoor or outdoor—since he used an outdoor shot in 12 games and **MONTREAL** (21-50), 1-1 for the week, moved to within 10 points of the **Rangers**. **DETROIT** (21-53), with two wins, one loss, skated past **TORONTO** (18-54) into fourth place as **Norm Ullman** scored three goals in a 3-2 win over the **Maple Leafs**. The loss was the 10th in a row for the **Leafs**, the longest losing streak in the **NHL** since 1967. But the string broke ended when the **Maple Leafs** tied the **Hawks** and beat the **Braves** 2-1 in the **Wings** for fourth. Last-place **BOSTON** (13-57) skated a run of five straight losses with a 2-1 victory over the **Rangers**, then lost its next two games.

PERRE **TOUSSANT** of **France** broke **Michel** **Barry's** outdoor world record for 1,000 meters with a time of 2:21.2, in **Lyon**.

PILEPODS—**DENIED**—**Lacrosse** to one, train or drive horses in **New York** by the **State** **Parliament** **Commission**. **WILLIAM** (died) **LOMOER**, 34, and **ROBERT** **SHULTZ** **WORTH**, 36, both of **Westbury, N.Y.** The action was taken against **Lacrosse**, the 60th leading nation-winning driver (**1978-1979**) last year, because he allegedly led to the commission during investigations and also in his application for a license to drive a vehicle, a leading driver in **New York** for 13 years, was banned because he, too, allegedly led during an investigation by the commission and because of his alleged association with undesirable persons.

HORSE Two assistant football coaches at **lead** coaches—**EL** **CARRISON**, 41, who moved up from the ranks after just one year at **Georgia Tech**, to replace **Booby** **Chad**, who had retired after 22 seasons; and **CHUCK** **SHILLS**, 36, a member of the **Kansas City Chiefs** last year, who will take over at **Utah State**.

SELECTED By the **New Orleans Saints**, last entry in the **National Football League**, 42 players from the 14 established teams, at a cost of \$2.3 million to be paid over the next eight to 10 years. Most prominent of the players acquired was **Halfback** **PAUL** **BROWN**, 35, of **Cleveland**.

UNRETIRED **EL** **CARRISON**, 35, the controversial **Spanish** **bullfighter**, one week after he announced his retirement.

RESIGNED **NORM** **YAN BROCKLIN**, 40, as head coach of the **Minnesota Vikings**, a job he had held since the team entered the **NFL** in 1961. His club had an overall record of 20-51-4 and last year finished in a tie for last place in the **NFL** with a 4-11 mark.

CREDITS

21—**made** by **Don** **Steele**, 23—**But** **Ray** **24-31**—**Tom** **Toddy**, 22—**But** **Carl** **Gunderson** **Cummings**, 20—**But** **John**, 20—**But** **John** **Frank** **Gorman**, 38, 40—**But** **John** **Peterson**, 79—**But** **John** **right**, **Houston** **Foot**

FACES IN THE CROWD



AMY EDWARDS, 10, a 9th-grade student at **Aurora Gardens Academy** in **New Orleans**, set a family rope-jumping record last week—she knows—maybe a world record with a run of 2,676 uninterinterrupted jumps, easily beating the 450 jumps recorded by her brother **Lamar**, 12.



JERRY REESE, 29, of **Hallowell, Me.**, won the second annual **Winnipeg-St. Paul Great 500 Snowmobile Race** with a record-breaking time of 12:29.25. Reese almost was eliminated from the race at **Ada, Me.**, when he fell from his craft and tore ligaments in one ankle.



CATHY DYAN, 38, of **Manchester, Conn.**, won the **U.S. Women's Duckpin Bowling** title by four pins at the 100-game tournament of 1,317 to beat **Patricia Reside** of **Rockville, Md.** in the tournament in **Baltimore**. Mrs. Dyak rolled first-game blocks of 657 and 660.



BILL BROOKS, 17, the 127-point captain of the **Greenwich (Conn.) High School** wrestling team, owns a 36-1 record in tussle competition. He won state titles in his sophomore and junior years and during the past two seasons has never been taken down by an opponent.



STEPHANIE GRANT, 16, of **Beverly Hills, Calif.**, upset the top three seeds to win the **Women's Singles** title at the **Los Angeles Metropolitan Tennis Tournament**. With her partner, **Tom Leonard** of **Acadia, Septuaginta**, also gained the mixed-doubles championship.



GENE PHILLIPS, 18, a 6'4" senior at **Jesse H. Jones High School** in **Houston**, set a city record by scoring 51 points in a 173-70 victory over **Modesto, Calif.** Phillips was **All-State** as a junior and has averaged more than 20 points in 105 high school basketball games.

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. PRINCETON (19-1) 2. BOSTON COLLEGE (15-2) 3. SYRACUSE (17-2)

It was no week for favorites in the East. FORDHAM hardly figured to give Boston College more than a workout. The Eagles had looked good enough to make anybody's top 10 while beating St. Joseph's 83-69. But Fordham's hustlers made 35 of 38 foul shots. Dennis Witkowski scored 21 points and the Eagles went down 85-81. "Maybe it's good psychologically," philosophized BC's Bob Cousy. "We were getting a little cocky."

Providence, which had beaten St. Bonaventure 80-65 and Fairfield 89-71, was smiling along 16 points ahead of NIAGARA with less than eight minutes to play, when suddenly the Eagles began pressing. Their subs, Pete Erwin and Bill Zeitz, shot like Jimmy Walker (who was shut out the last 12 minutes after scoring 28 points), and Alan Schup's foul shot caught the Friars 77-76.

Oklahoma City appeared harmless enough while losing to LA SALLE 108-97, and even Coach Abe Lemons joked about his defense. "It's what we call a sieve," he drawled. "I don't think it's going to catch on, though." TEMPLE had drubbed LA SALLE 79-65 and should have been a cinch to take OKLAHOMA CITY. But OCU's Gary Gray got going, scored 21 points and the Chiefs won 68-65.

Rutgers got hit, too, by LISBURN's slow-down 45-43. But Bobby Lloyd salvaged some glory from the upset. He made his first four foul shots before missing, to stretch his NCAA record to 60 straight.

Even PRINCETON had a couple of close calls. The Tigers blew a 14-point lead to Yale and needed Gary Walters' last-second foul shot to win 81-80. The next night Brown had Princeton 54-53 with a minute to go. This time four free throws by Chris Thorndorpe and Joe Hester saved the Tigers 57-54. It was enough to make Coach Butch van Breda Kolff brood about CORNELL, next Saturday's opponent. The Big Red, beaten only once in the Ivy League, thrashed Dartmouth 66-71 and Harvard 59-51.

SYRACUSE and ST. JOHN'S escaped the debacle. Syracuse beat Connecticut 90-79, squeezed past Niagara 67-65 on Rick Dean's two foul shots and trounced West Virginia 118-104 as Dean put in 34 points. St. John's was in trouble against West Virginia until a 14-point spree overtook the Mountaineers 83-71. ARMY's grabby, chest-to-chest defense, which had overpowered Manhattan 69-64, also gave the Redmen a hard time

before St. John's prevailed 51-45. "It looked like some sort of guerrilla warfare," observed Coach Lou Carnesecca.

VILLANOVA survived a body-banging hassle (73 fouls) with St. Joseph's to win 78-73, while MANHATTAN beat CANISAS 68-65, and NYU, after losing to ST. PETER'S 69-68, surprised Georgetown 83-77 and then lost to HOLY CROSS 92-85.

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (16-2) 2. WESTERN KENTUCKY (18-1) 3. VANDERBILT (17-3)

Life for NORTH CAROLINA (page 24) was difficult enough in the Atlantic Coast Conference—the Tar Heels barely beat Virginia 79-75 and Wake Forest 75-73 in overtime—but it was intolerable in Atlanta. GEORGIA TECH, an independent with an eye for a post-season tournament, shocked North Carolina 82-80, when sub Bob Brenzine dropped in the winning layup with six seconds to go. "I had a feeling about this game," said Tech's Whack Hyder jubilantly.

Even before that, though, some folks were calling Duke the best in the ACC. But the Blue Devils had their troubles beating North Carolina State 69-65 and Southwestern Louisiana 94-83. CLINCHON was coming on, too. The Tigers, with Randy Mahaffey firing in 18 points, shot up South Carolina's 1-3-1 zone to whip the Gamecocks 73-57 and then edged Wake Forest 70-68.

Georgia was determined to hold the ball when it played VANDERBILT and TENNESSEE, the SEC leaders. It almost worked against Vandy. Little Dick McInosh scored 15 points and the Dogs had Vanderbilt in a 40-40 tie at the end of the game. Then Jerry Southwood and Bob Warren threw in seven quick points, and Vandy won in overtime 51-41. But Tennessee, which had thumped LSU 75-69 at the beginning of the week, simply shot Georgia out of its delay game. The sharpshooting Vols had a 15-5 lead before the visitors took their second crack at the basket, with 2:42 to go in the first half. That finished the stall. Ron Widby scored 21 points as Tennessee rolled to an easy 68-36 victory. Vanderbilt, however, almost lost its tie for first. The Commodores had to scramble to overtake Mississippi 72-67.

"I felt just like I did the day they told me there wasn't a Santa Claus." That was WESTERN KENTUCKY Coach Johnny Oldham's pained reaction after learning that Clem Haskins, his star, had suffered a lineal

fracture of his right wrist. Haskins had just scored 33 points and grabbed 16 rebounds to put the Hilltoppers ahead in an 88-79 overtime win over Murray State when it happened. Without Haskins, Western had to struggle to hold off East Tennessee 65-56 for its 18th straight.

VIRGINIA TECH, running hard for an all-large bid to the NCAA tournament, beat George Washington 78-70 and Ohio U. 87-47. MEMPHIS STATE also was hopeful after taking Mississippi State 61-53, but the Tigers were unable to hold DAYTON's Don May. He got away for 30 points and 15 rebounds, as Dayton won its 17th game 81-56.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (16-4) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (16-4) 3. SMU (14-4)

What started out to be a long, hard pull had suddenly become a breeze for SMU. Thanks to some totally unexpected help from last-place TEXAS TECH, which upset TCU 77-72, the Mustangs were sitting pretty with a two-game lead in the Southwest Conference. Baylor, a stubborn 96-89 loser to TCU earlier in the week, tried to shake up SMU with a tough press in the second half, but the Mustangs survived. Denny Holman and sophomores Lynn Phillips and Bill Vought just kept shooting (for 20 points each), and SMU won its sixth straight 94-88.

HOUSTON and OKLAHOMA CITY, prepping for the road, both won at home. Houston, with Elvin Hayes throwing in 42 points, took Hardin-Simmons 82-83, while OCU overwhelmed West Texas 107-75.

THE MIDWEST 1. LOUISVILLE (20-2) 2. KANSAS (15-3) 3. TOLEDO (16-1)

There have not been many bright moments for NOTRE DAME's Johnny Dee lately. But Dee knew the only chance he had against fifth-ranked Houston was to stop Elvin Hayes. So the Irish concentrated on the Big E and held him without a field goal for 18 minutes. By the time Hayes got away from his tormentors (for 30 points), it was too late. Sophomore Bob Arzen had sneaked through the Cougars' zone for 37, and Notre Dame had an 87-78 upset.

LOUISVILLE, rushing to its first Missouri Valley title, was almost brought up short by Drake. The Cards had to stall the last 3½ minutes to pull out a 57-54 victory. Wichita State was easier. The Shockers fell 90-68. But TULSA, which beat Bradley 72-71 in Peoria for the first time in 12 years, was still in the race, despite a 76-62 loss to ST. LOUIS.

NORTHWESTERN, an easy 105-82 winner over Michigan, had unexpected company at the top of the Big Ten. INDIANA surprised Michigan State 82-77 and then beat Wisconsin 93-81 for a 5-1 record. TOLEDO

continued

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK *continued*

was back in form in the MAC. The Rockets beat Western Michigan 86-76 and Ohio U. 84-80 to hold a one-game edge over Marshall and Miami of Ohio.

KANSAS had a half-game lead in the Big Eight. The Jayhawks, with Jo-Jo White playing superb defense, trounced Nebraska 84-58, but Kansas State, after a bad start, gave them a taste. K-State made only one of its first 11 shots and wished it had missed that—confused, Roy Smith drove in for a layup at the wrong basket. Kansas eventually won 60-55.

MARQUETTE and DE PAUL kept their tournament hopes alive. Marquette eased past Loyola of Chicago 81-80 and Davidson 66-65, while De Paul defeated Notre Dame 56-49 and Xavier 71-60 for Coach Ray Meyer's 400th victory.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (19-0) 2. UTAH STATE (17-3) 3. PACIFIC (16-3)

Some night some team may find a way to beat UCLA and maybe a stall will do it. But Oregon State played its usual deliberate game and a tight zone against the Bruins, and all it did was keep the Beavers close for a while. Then Lew Alcindor and his quick friends took off for 16 points, and the game was over. Alcindor and Lucius Allen each scored 22 as UCLA won 76-44. Against Oregon, Alcindor got only 16 points, but Allen's 20 and Mike Warren's ball-stealing did in the Ducks 100-48. "They're amazing," said OSU's Paul Valenti admiringly.

It was discouraging, but all the other Pacific Eight teams could look forward to was second place. WASHINGTON STATE was the current runner-up, after beating Stanford 82-58, while USC outscored Oregon 71-63 and Oregon State 60-47, and WASHINGTON surprised California 85-80.

PACIFIC was still going strong in the West Coast AC. With Keith Swagerty pulling down 55 rebounds, the Tigers ran over Santa Barbara 84-71 and San Jose State 107-60. SAN FRANCISCO took second place after beating Loyola of Los Angeles 59-54.

Utah tried to walk and play zone with BRIGHAM YOUNG, and the style, unusual for Coach Jack Gardner, almost caught the Cougars in Provo. The Utes led 26-21 at the half, but BYU's zone press finally took its toll, and 6'11" Craig Raymond's last-second tip-in gave the Cougars a 64-62 win and a two-game lead in the Western AC.

Denver's Troy Bledsoe had all kinds of defenses ready for UTAH STATE, but nothing helped. The Aggies won 97-83 in Logan and 82-81 in Denver; then they hammered Arizona State 90-59. TEXAS WESTERN's road trip started out harmlessly enough with a 75-65 win over Arizona. But SEATTLE had a surprise for the Miners. Tom Workman worked them over for 17 points and 18 rebounds, and TW went down 69-56. **END**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

STAR DUEY

Sirs:

Congratulations on the article *Near Year's Stars Are Here* (Feb. 6). It shows all of us college basketball fans what to expect next year and in the years to come. As for Calvin Murphy he is, as some say, King of the Earth.

CRAIG KARNAL

Chester, Conn.

Sirs:

We have no arguments with Curry Kirkpatrick's lavish praise of Niagara freshman Calvin Murphy. His credentials are unquestioned. But it was nevertheless disheartening to find no mention of Syracuse's Eric Austin. A nephew of Boston College All-American John Austin, Eric is merely shading the great Dave Bing's freshman scoring records while leading the Orange frosh through the first three quarters of their schedule undefeated.

Finally, if the Syracuse varsity is not No. 1 in the East right now, they can't miss next year with four returning starters and Austin.

DAN COHEN

BOB SCHACHTER III

Syracuse, N. Y.

Sirs:

We at Columbia are both bewildered and dismayed at your failure to include any discussion of Jim McMillan, the best basketball player to enter the Ivies since Bill Bradley. McMillan's blend of play and his expertise at all facets of the game are especially reminiscent of *Cazzie* Russell.

In response to your claim that John Hummer and Jeff Petric will continue Princeton's leadership in the Ivy League, we merely suggest that it is highly debatable.

PAUL SRAMSKY

New York City

Sirs:

You failed to mention Mike Malloy of Davidson. Although only 17 years old, Mike is leading the Davidson freshman team to an undefeated season. If this does not convince you, perhaps the fact that Mr. Malloy can dunk *two* basketballs at the same time will.

JERRY HALLMAN

Rock Hill, S. C.

PAN DUST

Sirs:

George Plampin's story, *Zero On the Tour* (Jan. 30 et seq.), is very entertaining reading, as was his earlier series describing his play with the Detroit Lions. I suggest that his next venture be concerned with becoming the starting goalie for the New York

Rangers in one of their preseason games.

George's description of the golfing expressions used by the pros was the highlight of this series.

CARLTON ODGE

Pittsfield, Mass.

WINNER'S CIRCLE

Sirs:

On behalf of The Friends of Jim Grelle, whose number includes nearly two million in Oregon and countless others elsewhere, I must protest Gwylm Brown's flippant reference to "10-year-old Jim Grelle, who hopes to become a winner at two miles after a decade of lousing it one" (*A Few High Flyers*, Jan. 30).

Surely one as knowledgeable in track affairs as Brown should not resort to such fast, sophisticated verbiage. Jim Grelle's career is already chronicled as among the finest in track history, and SI has recognized this. While there are particular races he has not won, he has established a record for consistency unparalleled in American distance running, and no one who has observed him can ever say he hasn't been a winner.

JOHN D. BURNS

State Senator

Portland, Ore.

TEENY-BOPPER STOPPERS

Sirs:

Your story on girl ski racers on the European racing circuit (*A Swisher Swoosh for Nancy*, Jan. 30) is unjustifiably unkind to the U.S. girls. It may be amusing for a writer to build a story around the phrase "teeny boppers," but these girls are very close to the top in a tough and competitive sport traditionally dominated by the French and the Austrians.

Collectively they won four out of the first eight places in the FIS (world Alpine championships) slalom last summer in Chile. And, lest anyone think this a fluke, still another, in her first big international race, was fifth in the very fast and demanding downhill, only .43 second from winning a bronze medal. Wendy Allen, whom you treat so lightly, was seeded No. 2 in the world last season, and these ratings are based on overall performance in many international races.

That they are pleasant, fun-loving, well-rounded human beings rather than just racing machines is all to their credit, and not to be made fun of.

EDWARD L. SCOTT

Sun Valley, Idaho

Sirs:

I enjoyed Dan Jenkins' article on the women's European ski races, but I have one bone to pick with him. From the sound of his

article, Canada's Nancy Greene has come from nowhere to suddenly become one of the world's premier women skiers. This was no fluke or flash in the pan. Nancy Greene won not because some other skiers were unable to participate but because she is the greatest! It's high time some of you Americans, Mr. Jenkins in particular, woke up to that fact.

IAN W. SCOTT

Waterloo, Ont.

Sirs:

All we ever hear from your magazine is what a great coach Bob Beattie is. But what has he really accomplished in his years as coach? Despite glowing words of optimism from Beattie, the U.S. men's team still has not produced one skier of championship caliber. The women's team continues to be a joke. Beattie must know by now that our skiing team is going nowhere. So why does he keep up the pretense?

DICK MEYERD

Seattle

Sirs:

To have a winning girl racer from North America is far from the oddity your article suggests. Jean Soubert most still be ranked with the best, and Andrea Mead Lawrence is probably the greatest all-round woman skier the world has seen.

Dan Jenkins' representation of the American girls' team as a group of juvenile teeny boppers one high kick off a Vegas chorus line is a dangerous distortion of the facts. The morale on the girls' team is high, and they all have spent years of grueling work getting where they are. Only a small amount of their time is spent slung in such romantic places as Grindelwald. Much of it is spent slogging up the pumice-covered ice slopes at Mammoth in the wintertime, perfecting their technique as well as shaping their legs.

JAN MCKINLAY

Orinda, Calif.

HOMEMADE HOCKEY

Sirs:

Captain Roger A. Godin's letter (19th Hole, Jan. 23) about Cornell Hockey Coach Ned Harkness and his use of Canadian players showed only half-baked reasoning. Harkness does not disregard American players; he can't get them. There is a limited supply of good American hockey players, and only those coaches, like Boston College's Snooks Kelley and former Minnesota Coach John Mariucci, who have been situated where these players are, can afford the luxury of being America Firsters. They have the inside track. But to relegate Cornell or

continued



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10TH HOLE *continued*

any other team outside the Boston or Minnesota area to Americans only is tantamount to relegating them to losing.

By the time American players reach college it is often too late to train them to be topnotch players. The hope of American hockey lies with its youth. To this end Cornell and Ned Harkness have expended time and facilities to encourage hockey at the Ithaca, N.Y. area, and a booming program is now in operation. Only a year ago an Ithaca peewee team went to the national championships.

Ned Harkness does have confidence in America's "limitless hockey potential," and he is doing much to foster it.

JOHN H. KAPLAN

Chicago

PROF AND PROPHECY

Sir:

In "Far from the Ivory Tower" (SCORECARD, Jan. 23) you quote me as saying, "I'm a bird dog for the Minnesota Twins, but they don't pay me." I would like to clarify this statement. I am a talent scout (a type of bird dog) who receives a commission when a recommended player stays in the Twins organization at least 60 days.

The Minnesota club is a fine organization, one with whom this professor is happy to be associated.

JOSEPH J. GRAHAM
Professor of Geology
Stanford University

Palo Alto, Calif.

BURNING ISSUE

Sir:

To say, as some of your readers do (19th HOLE, Jan. 30), that SI has corrupted the minds and morals of youth by illustrating an attractive young lady in a swimsuit (Jan. 16) or that "nudity is more destructive than an atom bomb" is rather farcical. A magazine that has honored such youths as Jerry Lucas, Lew Alcindor, Peggy Fleming and Jim Ryan, to name a few, cannot be too "destructive" to the youth of our time. To see Marilyn Tindall (in a swimsuit) dropped into the center of our city instead of an atomic bomb would be a pleasure. Granted, it may be disruptive, to say the least, but certainly not intolerable and absolutely not destructive.

WENDALL DEER, JR.

Fronton, Ohio

Sir:

I suggest Sister Mary Ephren burn a few volumes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, many of which carry pictures of works of art that display more nudity than Miss Tindall. Art is art, be it a sculpture by Michelangelo or a photograph by Jay Masek.

BENIE FONTAINE

Baton Rouge, La.



I had just climbed up the water wheel, when things took a turn for the worse.

1 "You could hear it groaning a half mile away," writes Bill Tracy, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Last summer, while touring the Near East, I came upon an ancient water wheel in

Hama on the Orontes River. It reminded me of an old Ferris wheel back home, especially when I saw some local boys swinging around on it. I couldn't resist taking a ride.



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2 "With the help of a friend, I grabbed hold of one of the spokes and got on. The paddles stretched out before me and, as the wheel turned, I started climbing up.



3 "I stretched out my arms like a tightrope artist balancing himself. Then the wheel stopped! There I was high atop a water wheel, in the middle of nowhere. I panicked—and jumped!



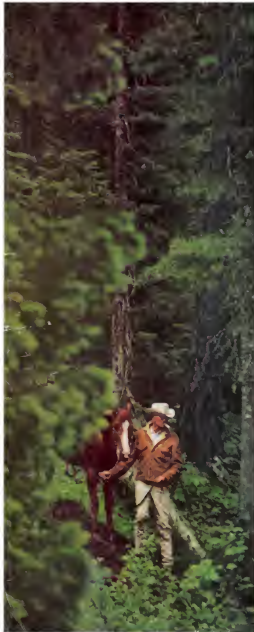
4 "After drying off, I went with my friend to a tavern for a relaxing game of backgammon and a drink of his favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



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